



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 385.—4 OCTOBER, 1851.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Poems by Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir of his Life.* By his BROTHER. Edward Moxon. 1851.
2. *Essays and Marginalia.* By HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Edward Moxon. 1851.

MR. DERWENT COLERIDGE has executed, with much success, one of the most difficult of tasks. He has written the biography of a poet in such a manner as to impart a deeper philosophic interest to his verse without detracting from its charm. The fact that as much must be lost as can possibly be gained by a tediously minute acquaintance with the life of an author, had not been overlooked by Mr. Coleridge. He observes, "It is thought by many that the lives of literary men are sufficiently known from their writings, and that any record of their private history is at least superfluous. Much may be said in support of this opinion. Of poets, more especially, it may be affirmed that the image which they put forth of themselves in their works is a true and adequate representation of the author, whatever it may be of the man; nay, that in many cases it may depict the man more faithfully—may show more truly what he was, than any memorial of what he did and suffered in his mortal pilgrimage, too often a sad tissue, so it is made to appear, of frailty and sorrow. . . . If the record were to be supplied, as has been attempted, by the ordinary materials of the biographer—by a meagre outline of every day facts, filled in by such anecdotes as vulgar curiosity most commonly collects and remembers, it had better remain a blank." Much better, we cordially add; but we are happy to be able to say, also, that the record with which we are here presented is of a very different sort. Vulgar curiosity has not been catered for in it; and a philosophical curiosity will not seek instruction in it without reward. The passages in his brother's life which Mr. Coleridge has sketched for us, whether such as determined his outward fortunes, or such as to a careless observer might have seemed trifles, are those by which the structure of character is indicated, and its progress is traced. A happy power of selection is among a biographer's highest though least obtrusive gifts. Mr. Coleridge has exercised it with effect, avoiding that vice of modern biographers, prolixity. Had his memoir consisted of two volumes, instead of half a volume, its force would have been lost in detail, and we should have had a far less vivid picture than is here exhibited to us of the subject it commemorates. The narrative abounds in discriminative criticism, and remarks incidentally thrown out, but full of point. Above all, it is written with frankness and simplicity. Cherishing a deserved respect, as well as affection, for his brother's memory, he has appreciated his character far too well to think that it needs the concealment of infirmities from which the kindest and most abundant natures are not always the most exempt, and the effects of which are impressed, for evil and for good, upon verse which "the world will not willingly let die." In making us acquainted

with the man, he has contributed the best materials for a large and liberal comprehension of the poet; nor can we more effectually illustrate Hartley Coleridge's poetry than by first bringing before our readers some features of a life full of interest, though externally but little varied. It is not often that the life and works of an author are presented to us at the same moment, and for the first time. Such may be considered to be the case on the present occasion, since far the larger portion of the poetry has remained till now unpublished; and, in the life prefixed to it, the poetry which follows finds not seldom an emblem as well as an "efficient cause."

Born at Clevedon, on the 19th of September, 1796, an eight months' child, Hartley Coleridge was marked from the first by a sensitiveness of temperament no doubt out of proportion to his physical strength. More than one tribute of song greeted him on his arrival into this world. Some of these aspirations remained unaccomplished, and some were fulfilled too well. In one of the most beautiful of Coleridge's poems, the poet compares his own early culture with that which he deaires for his child.

I was reared

In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars;
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags.

To this prophecy the younger poet alludes in the memorable sonnet prefixed to a small volume of poetry published in 1833. Addressing the "Father and Bard revered," at a far more advanced age than that father had attained when the above lines were written, he says, in allusion to them—

Thy prayer was heard: I "wandered like a breeze."

Not less tenderly was the "animosus infans," addressed in his father's poem, "The Nightingale."

That strain again!

Full fain would it delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate.

With her youthful playmate Nature played long; and he never ceased to find solace both in her songs and sports. Nature did what Nature may; nor is it her fault if her harmonies, whether of the morn or the eventide, whether lyrical or elegiac, have more power to "kindle" than to "control," and serve rather as wine to the festive, or as an opiate to those in trouble, than as martial music, bracing us for the warfare of life. He had learned, however, to listen to another voice above, and along with that of Nature; and, for such discernment, he turns also in gratitude to his father. (Vol. i., p. 111.)

In a strain not dissimilar, the same child was addressed at six years old by the Bard of Rydal.

O thou, whose fancies from afar are brought,
Who, of thy words, dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream.

After the lapse of many a chequered year these verses retained their applicability, and were forcibly brought back to the memory even of strangers, who chanced to mark the subject of them as he paced irregularly about, with a vague grace, caught in some stream of thought—with feet that seemed almost unable to keep their hold of the ground, extended arms, a glowing cheek, and an eye still youthful, flashing beneath long white locks that floated on the air. Wordsworth also indulged in prophecy.

Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.

Half the promise was granted if the other half was scattered to the winds. The season of delight had past away; but even when the autumnal pastures had become flecked with patches of monitory snow, the "young lamb's heart" remained.

The philosopher, whose metaphysical principles ended in the most advanced spiritualism, was, at the period of his son's birth, in the materialist stage of his progress; and it was to the enthusiasm with which he then regarded the speculations of David Hartley, that that son owed his name. He acquired at a very early date those habits of abstract thought which characterized his boyhood, though apparently the system of the young psychologist tended at least as much in the direction of Berkeley as of Hartley. The following curious anecdote was preserved in a diary kept by Mr. Henry Crabbe Robinson:—"Hartley Coleridge, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley. 'Which Hartley?' asked the boy. 'Why, is there more than one Hartley?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'there's a deal of Hartleys.' 'How so?' 'There's Picture Hartley, (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him,) and Shadow Hartley; and there's Echo Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast Hartley;' at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly—an action which shows that his mind must have been drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery, viz., that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one. At the same early age," continued Coleridge, "Hartley used to be in agony of thought—puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some one said to him, 'It is not now; but it is to be.' 'But,' said he, 'if it is to be, it is.' The relation of the potential to the actual, we must grant to be a somewhat hard riddle for a child of five years old.

From the age of about seven, and during a large part of his boyhood, Hartley Coleridge resided with his uncle, Mr. Southey, at Keswick. In 1808 he was placed with his brother at school at Ambleside, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Dawes, to whom Mr. Coleridge pays a just tribute of respect:—"He was a man of lofty stature, and

immense bodily strength, and though sufficiently exact in the discharge of his scholastic duties, yet he evidently attached quite as much importance to the healthful recreations and out-of-door life of his scholars, as to their progress in Greek and Latin. Morbidly shy, he shrank from mixing in society, and in his walks would as soon have met a lion as a lady in his path. . . . He had the very soul of honor, and carried with him in every word and gesture the evidence of a manly and cordial nature." From the lessons of this hardy northern Hartley Coleridge derived at least as much benefit as from the Greek Grammar composed for him by his father—a monument of paternal affection and industry, not a little characteristic; beginning as it does with a philosophic disclaimer of philosophy, proceeding to the complexities of gender and case, and ending with a pregnant essay on the connection between Idolatry and Atheism. It was a literary curiosity, well worthy of preservation, and will remind the reader of Milton's logico-poetical exercise, which begins with "Eos" and "Predicament," and concludes with "Rivers arise!"

One of the chief advantages which Hartley Coleridge derived from his school-residence was, that it afforded him an opportunity of being much in the society of Mr. Wordsworth. It was at this time also that at his beautiful seat, Elleray, he became acquainted with Professor Wilson, "who continued to the last one of his kindest friends." Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Basil Montague were also among his friends. His biographer remarks, "It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and De Quincey; and, again, by homely familiarity with town's folk and country folk of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude—by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear." At a later period of his life he was described as "like the Wye, a wanderer through the woods." At school he had much liberty. He never played with the other boys, and probably never fought with them. He was not sufficiently adroit for ordinary sports, and his uncle used to tell him that he had two left hands. In his lessons he was neither stupid nor unusually quick. He had no school friendships; but his companions admired him for his singularity, and loved him for the fascinating skill with which he told them tales. His powers in this respect seem to have equalled those of the Sultana Scheherazade, though his aim was much less practical:—

It was not by a series of tales, but by one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, that he enchaind the attention of his auditors, night after night, as we lay in bed . . . during a space of years, and not unfrequently for hours together. This enormous romance, far exceeding in length, I should suppose, the compositions of Calprenède, Scudéry, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a catastrophe and a conclusion. . . . He spoke without hesitation, in language as vivid as it was flowing. This power of improvisation he lost, or conceived himself to lose, when he began the practice of written composition.

At a still earlier period, however, his marvellous power of continuous narration had been yet more

signally displayed. Few anecdotes illustrative of childhood are so remarkable as that in which his brother records an instance of this habit. For years the child seems to have lived a double life; and the faith which he reposed in the inward world was at least as great as that with which he regarded the outward. No other incident recorded of his early days is so significant a comment on his after life, both in its strength and its weakness:—

At a very early period of his childhood, of which he had himself a distinct though visionary remembrance, he imagined himself to foresee a time when, in a field that lay close to the house in which he lived, a small cataract would burst forth, to which he gave the name of Jug-force. The banks of the stream thus created soon became populous—a region—a realm; and as the vision spread in ever-widening circles, it soon overflowed, as it were, the narrow spot in which it was originally generated; and Jug-forcia, disguised under the less familiar appellation of Ejuxria, became an island continent, with its own attendant isles; a new Australia, or newest Sea-land, if it were not rather a reflection of the old Europe projected from the clouds on some wide ocean somewhere. The history and geography of this region were at one time as familiar to me, to say the least, as any—other portion, I was about to say, of the habitable globe. The details have gradually faded from my memory, and, fitly enough, no written record remains (though an elaborate map of the country was once in existence) from which they can be recovered.

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them.

Taken as a whole, the Ejuxrian world presented a complete analogon to the world of fact, so far as it was known to Hartley, complete in all its parts; furnishing a theatre and scene of action with *dramatis personæ*, and suitable machinery, in which day after day, for the space of long years, he went on evolving the complicated drama of existence. There were nations, continental and insular, each with its separate history, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary, its forms of religion and government, and specific national character. In Portiomandra, the analogon of England, as I now discern, . . . the tissue was woven with wonderful minuteness, and uniform consistency. The names of generals and statesmen were "familiar to my ear as household words." I witnessed the war of faction, and had to trace the course of sedition. I lived to see changes of government, a great progress of public opinion, and a new order of things. When at length a sense of unreality was forced upon him, and he felt himself obliged to account for his knowledge of and connection with this distant land, he had a story, borrowed from the Arabian Nights, of a great bird by which he was transported to and fro. But he resorted to these explanations with great reluctance, and got rid of them as quickly as possible. Once I asked him how it came that his absence on these occasions was not observed; but he was angry and mortified, and I never repeated the experiment. In truth, I was willingly beguiled. His usual mode of introducing the subject was, "Derwent," (for these disclosures in latter years were made to me alone,) "I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria." . . . Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his manner, and, doubtless, of his feelings. He was, I am persuaded, utterly unconscious of invention. . . . I have reason to believe that he continued the habit mentally, from time to time, after he left school, and, of course, had no longer a confidant.

In a letter from Mrs. Basil Montague, in whose house he spent some time when a child, his anxieties on the subject of this imaginary race are thus

amusingly depicted:—"One day when he was walking very pensively I asked him what ailed him. He said, 'My people are too fond of war: and I have just made an eloquent speech in the senate, which has not made any impression on them, . . . *and to war they will go.*'"

That such movements of mind, however indicative of genius, are yet unhealthy if indulged habitually, encouraged artificially, or left unbalanced by opposite habits, can hardly be doubted. Except in the highest moments of creative energy, the mind should never lose sight of the distinctness of its own conceptions from the phenomena of the outward world. It is this self-possession—a thing wholly distinct from a morbid self-consciousness—which chiefly separates inspiration from mere enthusiasm. Who can read Shakspeare or Dante, the greatest masters of the world of vision, (though the former was stronger yet in a more terrestrial sphere,) without perceiving that they ever continue lords over themselves, and that the spirits whom they summon go and come alike at their command? The keener a poet's intuition of the ideal the more does he require a corresponding urgency in his sense of the real. The knowledge of *what is* and of *what ought to be* are the two opposed wings upon which the poetic mind rises; and the breadth of pinion at each side must be equal if the flight is to be sustained. This is one reason that mere Veracity, as distinguished from philosophical Truth, though it often appears but a condescension to unimportant fact, occupies, notwithstanding, so high a place in the world of Art. The effort to attain it is a perpetual discipline of humility, of attention, of regard for others, and of self-command; and the exercise of it not only stamps upon works of genius that "note" of *authenticity*, required most by the most unfamiliar themes, but also removes from them the innumerable aberrations or weaknesses which may often be ultimately traced to some moral defect, such as vanity, unsteadiness, or want of a decisive aim. Severity, indeed, is a characteristic of all genuine Art; for while beauty is ever its object, purity is the inseparable condition of its intellectual fruitions. Self-indulgence, therefore, must in all its forms be hostile to the consolidation of the poetic faculty; nor is the syren more seductive in any other form than that of abstraction which subsides into day-dream, and imagination which feeds ever on its own stores. It is not a predominance of intellect, but a deficiency of will, which banishes us from the world of reality, and converts into a gilded prison the palace-halls of the imagination.

The influence of an education, which, though it included so much of an elevating nature, was yet on the whole one of development rather than of discipline, was not calculated to supply the deficiencies of a nature rich in resources, but poor in the power of turning them to account; and a childhood and boyhood, "not only simple, tender-hearted and affectionate, but truthful, dutiful, thoughtful, and religious, if not devout," did not pass into early manhood without tokens of approaching danger. "A certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. *He could not open a letter without trembling.* He shrank from mental pain. He was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotions—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were uncon-

sciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection." Apparently he was not himself without forebodings. They are referred to in a letter from Mr. Chauncey Hare Townshend, who became acquainted with Hartley Coleridge during his college life, and mentions many interesting particulars connected with him. On one occasion, during a summer vacation which he passed at Greta Hall, he recited in Mr. Townshend's presence Wordsworth's poem, "Resolution and Independence," in which the poet, illustrating a mood of despondency, says—

And fears and fancies thick upon me came ;
Dim sadness and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
name.

Hartley here stopped, and there was a pause of silence, broken by his saying, in somewhat of an altered and lower tone—"I cannot tell you how exactly this and other expressions in this grand poem of Wordsworth hit my mood at certain times so exclusively as almost to render me unobservant of its corrective and higher tendencies. 'The fear that kills, and hope that is unwilling to be fed'—these I have known ; I have even heard a voice, yes, not like a creation of the fancy, but an audible and sensuous voice, foreboding evil to me."

His life at Oxford determined the character of his future career. Its miscarriage, as his brother touchingly remarks, "deprived him of the residue of his years." The difficulties with which his peculiar nature had to contend on that novel field cannot be better illustrated than by an extract from a letter to his brother, when all was over :—

With few habits but those of negligence and self-indulgence, with principles honest indeed and charitable, but not ascetic, and little applied to particulars, with much vanity and much diffidence, a wish to conquer, neutralized by a fear of offending, with wavering hopes, uncertain spirits, and peculiar manners, I was sent among men, mostly irregular, and in some instances vicious. Left to myself to form my own course of studies, my own acquaintances, my own habits ; to keep my own hours, and in a great measure to be master of my own time, few know how much I went through ; how many shocks I received from within and without ; how many doubts, temptations, half-formed ill-resolutions passed through my mind. I saw human nature in a new point of view, and in some measure learned to judge of mankind by a new standard. I ceased to look for virtues which I no longer hoped to find, and set, perhaps, a disproportionate value on those which most frequently occurred. The uncertainty of my prospects cast a gloom on what was before me. . . . The complex effect of all this discontent and imprudence was, of course, self-reproach, inconsistency, quickly formed and quickly broken resolutions, just enough caution to lose my reputation for frankness, increasing dread of my *consocii*, incapability of proceeding in any fixed plan, and an extreme carelessness whenever the painful restraint was removed.

Notwithstanding the defects here so sternly commented on, Hartley Coleridge's Oxford life was far from being a blank ; nor could he say with respect to it, "I have lost the race I never ran." He not only acquired great social celebrity from his wit and eloquence, but he read hard, and gained the expected prize. He obtained a fellowship at Oriel with high distinction, his superiority not admitting of a doubt. His brother thus continues the narrative :—

A proud and happy day was it for me, and for us all, when these tidings reached us. Obviously unfit for the ordinary walks of professional life, he had earned for himself an honorable independence, and had found, as it seemed, a position in which he could exert his peculiar talents to advantage. But a sad reverse was at hand. . . . At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. . . . A life singularly blameless in all other respects, dispositions the most amiable, principles and intentions the most upright and honorable, might be pleaded as a counterpoise in the opposite scale. It was to no purpose. The sentence might be considered severe ; it could not be said to be unjust ; and, alas ! my poor brother did not take the only course which could have discredited the verdict of his judges. The infirmity which was thus heavily visited was not subsequently overcome.

The rest of his life may be narrated in a few words. He lived in London for about two years after leaving Oxford, and passed his time writing for various magazines, projecting graver works, cultivating friendly relations, and now and then embodying in verse the accidents of the moment. The three exquisite sonnets "to a Friend," with which his first volume commences, are a record of the joy with which he at this time met in London Robert Jameson, the early companion of his mountain wanderings. We can but find room for one of them :—

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted :
Our love was nature ; and the peace which floated
On the white mist, and dwelt among the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills ;
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doating, asked not why it doated,
And ours the unknown joy that knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me ;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure ;—
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity. (Vol. i., p. 5.)

To this period belongs the fragment of "Prometheus," left unfinished, and not completed afterwards, in part because the subject had in the mean time been appropriated by Shelley. It displays much beauty of thought and imagery, as well as much metrical facility ; but if the subject was not too stern a one for the author, at least it was "above the years which he then had." The poem is not conceived with that simplicity and grandeur which the mighty myth required. The former quality, indeed, is wanting even in Shelley's splendid version of it ; and whole pages of cloudy or of crude metaphysics perplex a poem which might have been rendered first-rate with little aid but that of a pair of scissors. Shelley, however, possessed all the high energy necessary, considering the model whom he emulated rather than imitated ; and his work is sufficient to prove that he had strength to bend the bow of Ulysses, though not skill to send the arrow home to the classic mark. Between such a theme and the gentler genius of Hartley Coleridge there was perhaps as little congeniality as between the suffering Titan and the chorus of Sylphs whom the northern poet sends to console him. The best part of the poem is the "Conclusion," a very noble hymn, in which the liberation of the earth is celebrated.

After leaving London he returned to Ambleside, and undertook the management of the school left vacant by the retirement of his old friend, Mr. Dawes. After four painful years of trial, this mode of life was given up. He had not expected much from it, and writes, "I had a presentiment that it would never do, and therefore your commendations seemed like reproaches put out to interest. How could I endure to be among unruly boys from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid?" From Ambleside he removed to Grasmere, where, as usual, he "won all hearts." His exquisite appreciation of Nature, as well as the habitual poetry with which he extracted a moral meaning from her face and gestures, (for to him Nature was a friend; and his days were spent, not in admiration of her only, but in converse with her,) are denoted by many a passage in his letters, not less poetical than his best poetry. He writes thus in July, 1830:—

And now the day of rest draws to a close. The weather has kept the Sabbath. The morning was the very perfection of stillness. No gay sunshine, no clamorous wind, no drudging rain; the sky wore one gray sober veil, and the mist hung upon the hills as if it paused on its journey; the vapors were gathered up; no light detachments foraged along the mountain sides, to catch the flying sunbeams; but the thick masses formed an even line, like an army drawn up for a decisive engagement, and only halting till the truce of God was past; they divided the mountains as it were in half, concealing the higher moiety, and leaving the lower bulk distinct in dark, damp, solemn visibility. The vale was clad in deepest green, and fancifully resembled the face of one that is calm and patient after long weeping. The few patches of hay, gathered into round cocks, appeared to solicit the prayers of the congregation. All was quiet, pensive, not sad; only the young damsels in their fresh and fragrant garments (such, I mean, as did not think it necessary to look like death, because a man whom they cared nothing about was gone, let us hope, to heaven) tripping along the fields and green lanes, and picking their way in moist high roads, glanced by like living sunbeams, and made their bright blue and pink ribbons dance like things of life.

And again:—

The rain has fallen like a blessing on herb, and tree and flower. The fields, the hills, the lake, so fickle yet so constant in its commingling transitions from light to shade, were possessed in the unity of peaceful gladness, now rejoicing in the soft yellow sunbeams, now pensive not sad, as the clouds floated leisurely along the sky. The birds who love in their seasons, and know not the collapse of despair, nor the fighting chaos of jealousy, nor the shame, the uneasy silence, the self-condemned yet cherished longing of forbidden hope, sang as if there were no evil on earth. (Vol. i., p. 170.)

In the year 1832 he removed to Leeds, having contracted an engagement with a young publisher resident there, Mr. Bingley, to furnish materials for a volume of poetry and another of prose. To this arrangement we owe the first series of his poems, and also his "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire." The latter work, consisting of thirteen lives, and filling a large octavo volume of 632 pages, came out originally in numbers, and having been completed in about a year, indicates on the part of its author no small power of continuous application under favorable circumstances. It is written with much vigor and eloquence, abounding

in picturesque descriptions of events, as well as a dramatic delineation of character, and is enriched with many acute remarks and original trains of thought. During the course of the next year Mr. Bingley unfortunately became a bankrupt, and the engagement was broken off. In the year 1834 Hartley lost his father. The following extract from a letter, written on that occasion, shows how keenly he felt the wound, and how deep a seat the affections occupied in his heart:—

It was his wish that he might so meet death as to testify the depth and sincerity of his faith in Jesus. And was he not, while life and breath were granted him, a powerful preacher of Jesus? For myself I can speak that he, he only, made me a Christian. What with my irregular passions, and my intellect—powerful perhaps in parts, but ever like "a crazy old church clock with its bewildered chimes"—what, but for him, I might have been I tremble to think. I never forget him. No, Derwent, I have forgot myself too often, but I never forgot my father. And now if his beatified spirit be permitted to peruse the day-book of the recording angel, to contemplate the memory of God which forgets nothing, in which the very abortions of time, the thoughts which we think we never thought, the meanings which we never meant to mean, live everlastingly; if he may look in that book, or, rather, if an intimate knowledge of its contents be consubstantiated with the essence of his beatitude, then will he know that among my many sins it was not one that I loved him not; and wherever the final bolt of judgment may drive me, it will not be into the frozen regions of sons that loved not their fathers. (Vol. i., p. 111.)

That reverential, and even remorseful, tenderness of affection which constituted so important an element in Hartley Coleridge's character is beautifully revealed in the following sonnet also:—

Oh! my dear mother, art thou still awake?
Or art thou sleeping on thy Maker's arm,—
Waiting in slumber for the shrill alarm
Ordnained to give the world its final shake?
Art thou with "interlunar night" opaque
Clad like a worm while waiting for its wings;
Or doth the shadow of departed things
Dwell on thy soul as on a breezeless lake?
Oh! would that I could see thee in thy heaven
For one brief hour, and know I was forgiven
For all the pain, and doubt, and rankling shame
Which I have caused to make thee weep or sigh.
Bootless the wish! for where thou art on high,
Sin casts no shadow, sorrow hath no name. (1845.)

The latter years of his life glided away almost without incident. They were spent in the "Nab Cottage," on the banks of Rydal Water; the lake, with its two woody islands, lying before his windows, at a stone's throw from the door. In this humble abode he mused, meditated, studied, filled with marginal annotations many volumes of old divinity and philosophy, as well as many of a lighter sort, recorded his thoughts in countless note-books, and widened every day the foundations of a structure never, alas! to be raised, or never at least to be presented to mortal eye. The end came suddenly, as night in a tropical region. His health had usually been strong; but a sudden fit of bronchitis was sufficient to "slit the thin-spun life." On the 26th of December, 1848, his brother was summoned to his bed-side; on the 6th of January, 1849, he was taken to his rest. He suffered with the utmost humility, devotion, and patience; passed his time in religious exercises;

and received the Holy Communion in the society of a friend, "whose participation he desired on this occasion," associating, as was his wont, human and divine love. He was lamented by young and old; for his removal was felt to be a deprivation not easily to be replaced by those many "friends to whom his visits, his conversations, his playful wit, his simple and affectionate confidingness—nay, his very foibles and eccentricities, his need of guidance and protection—had become a refreshment and a stimulus," and among whom, "not merely the kindly affections were drawn out in a peculiar manner, but a love of goodness, purity, and truth, was fostered by his society."

Among the many who mourned for him was one whose heart was heavy with a nearer loss. The aged friend who forty-five years before had predicted the future fortunes of the fairy child, survived to look upon his grave.

The day following he walked over with me to Grassmere, to the churchyard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space for a third grave for my brother. "When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing there." . . . Then turning to the sexton, he said, "Keep the ground for us, we are old people, and it cannot be for long." . . . In little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own grave. (Vol. I., p. 186.)

The fates that attended Hartley Coleridge through life ruled also at his death. He had ever been the sport of fortune; but fortune seemed ever repenting her hardness to him. Whenever he tripped it was among friends, not "among thieves," that he fell. As often as he went astray the "spirit in his feet" led him into some kindly place of refuge. The error "of his way" left comparatively little stain upon a spirit which repelled evil as the feathers of a bird shake off rain. The less care he took of himself the more care was taken of him by those who had humility enough to suspect that their own failings were not less grievous because they were of a nature less likely to bring their punishment with them, and perhaps more likely to cherish self-love and add to worldly wealth. If his foible cheated his genius of half its reward, his meekness made him feel that "Best are they paid whose earthly wage is nought." His death, like his life, was an evil conquered by good. Falling upon him as it were accidentally, it seemed not more suddenly to have brought to nought his intellectual designs than it brought to bear the fruits of the spirit. It was also attended by the external consolations, which neither high station nor intellectual prosperity can command. Among the anecdotes of statesmen few are more interesting than that which records the death of Pitt. The hand, which had so long sustained the sceptre of his country, found no hand to clasp it in death. By friends and by servants he was alike deserted; and a stranger, wandering on from room to room of a deserted house, came at last by chance to a chamber, untended, but not unquiet, in which the great minister lay, alone and dead. It was otherwise with the "luckless," but well-beloved, man of genius. For miles round in the valleys,

as he lay dying, there was not one who had not time to think of him. Four physicians sat round a poor man's bed; and strangers contended with kinsfolk for the privilege of nursing him.

The reference to Hartley Coleridge's life which we have made above constitutes in itself the best comment on his works. We shall endeavor to follow it up by extracts from his poems, which, if not always selected from the best among them, are yet calculated to illustrate the compass and variety of his powers. His poetry had very different characteristics at different periods of its author's life. In the earlier poems the imagination holds, relatively, at least, if not absolutely, the larger place; and combines with a pervading sense of beauty to build up an intellectual and ideal sphere analogous to the visionary world in which so much of the poet's childhood was passed. In that fine region, thoughts, sometimes of great loveliness, and as often marked by a lucid brilliancy, float about, self-supported, like birds of Paradise, and seem to find a natural element. The following sonnet may serve as a specimen of the class:—

What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the glad welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were seen?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

(Vol. I., p. 9.)

The following illustrates a graver mood:—

If I have sinned in act, I may repent:
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame;
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival;
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive and be forgiven—
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

(Vol. I., p. 31.)

Hartley Coleridge's sonnets possess a charm almost peculiar to themselves, even in an age which has abounded in that form of composition. Perhaps no species of short poem admits of so much variety in its degrees of merit. Many of our most popular poets, such as Byron, Shelley, and Southey, have attempted it with little success. In a weak or unskilful hand it becomes at once the most relaxed and the most constrained species of poetry, a single trivial thought being miserably stretched out and nailed down over a gaping framework of fourteen lines. Nor does a merely artificial condensation mend the matter. It is not difficult to force a number of thoughts into a narrow compass; but if these thoughts chance to be heterogeneous, and if their connection be arbitrary, they will not stand on better terms by reason of the forced proximity.

It is not the "multa," but the "multum" of thought that constitutes the intellectual worth of a sonnet. Many of the best sonnets of Milton and Wordsworth contain little more than the expression of a single thought; but that thought is one in which a profound principle is essentially involved; so that in its simple enunciation is to be found the core of a moral essay, the heart of a philosophical treatise. Such a thought can never belong exclusively to the logical department of the intellect. Proceeding from the soul, and not from the mind only, it necessarily involves moral sentiment also; and the imaginative embodiment in which it expresses itself is no artificial adornment, but is a clothing consubstantial with its essence. The unity which characterizes a good sonnet imparts to it a majesty and might which even the noblest thoughts cannot possess if allowed, as in philosophical poetry they generally are, to run into a series, and thus to become merged in each other, as parts subordinated to a whole. A true sonnet is a complete whole. It hangs self-balanced on its centre, and for a thoughtful reader, turns forth perpetually a new face to the light of truth. It issues from the contemplative even more than from the meditative order of mind, implying a power among the rarest and most arduous—that of resting upon a single idea, and viewing it in all its aspects, rather than that of using it as a stepping-stone to other ideas. It requires not less a "shaping" mind, needing, as it does in the highest degree, that *form*, without which poetic thought has neither consistence nor permanence; and it is no doubt the more seldom successfully produced, because the contemplative faculty and the shaping art but seldom exist together. There are, however, two very different species of sonnet. The philosophical, of which we have been speaking, dates chiefly from Milton, and, in the main, belongs to our northern region. The South had long before produced a form of the sonnet less grave, authoritative, and dogmatic, but exquisite from the equipoise of tender sentiment with a graceful imagination, and from a diction refined at once and concise. Examples of both sorts may be found in the volumes before us; but to the latter, perhaps, the most perfect belong. Many of them possess a certain indescribable sweetness (a quality wholly distinct from softness), which reminds us more of the Elizabethan poetry than of those modern writers whose attempts at tenderness result commonly but in effeminacy. In this respect they resemble the best among old Daniel's sonnets, but Shakspeare's yet more, from their union of pathos with imaginative subtlety. Like Shakspeare's, too, they are at once steeped in personal interest, and free from all offensive egotism. To write of oneself does not necessarily imply egotism. There is nothing in which man differs more from man than in the mode of handling that dangerous subject. There are poets whose writings indicate rather a human than an individual interest in themselves, as though self had been but the specimen in which they had found imaged the psychological history of their kind. In the works of others, and especially in the volumes now before us, self is presented in touches so delicate and forbearing, and in union with such a generous regard for others, as well as for abstract things, that self-pity seems but the sadness of one who can look down on himself with the same feelings which he would bestow on "a horse over-driven," or a wounded bird.

To the same department of his verse we may perhaps refer the following poem, in which aspira-

tion is finely mingled with tenderness. It illustrates at once the spontaneous movement and the artistic grace of his earlier poems; and the stanza, which we have not met with elsewhere, may be called a sort of lyrical sonnet, flowing forward with a "swan-like grace," and yet ever winding back into itself:—

She was a queen of noble nature's crowning :
A smile of hers was like an act of grace ;
She had no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race ;
But if she smiled, a light was on her face,
A clear cool kindliness, a lunar beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
Of human thought with unabiding glory ;
Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,
A visitation bright and transitory.

But she is changed—hath felt the touch of sorrow ;
No love hath she, no understanding friend ;
Oh, grief ! when heaven is forced of earth to borrow
What the poor niggard earth has not to lend :
But when the stalk is snapped, the rose must bend.
The tallest flower that skyward rears its head,
Grows from the common ground, and there must shed
Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too surely ;
That they should find so base a bridal bed,
Who lived in virgin pride, so sweetly and purely.

She had a brother, and a tender father,
And she was loved, but not as others are
From whom we ask return of love—but rather
As one might love a dream ; a phantom fair
Of something exquisitely strange and rare,
Which all were glad to look on, men and maids,
Yet no one claimed—as oft in dewy glades
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded, fades—
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

'T is vain to say her worst of grief is only
The common lot, which all the world have known :
To her 't is more, because her heart is lonely,
And yet she hath no strength to stand alone.
Once she had playmates, fancies of her own ;
And she did love them. They are past away
As fairies vanish at the break of day—
And like a spectre of an age departed,
Or unsphered Angel woefully astray—
She glides along—the solitary-hearted.

(Vol. i., p. 44.)

A rich vein of fancy is among the characteristics of Hartley Coleridge's earlier poems. We may name the lines "to the Nautilus," and an "Address to certain Gold Fishes," as specimens. "Leonard and Susan" belongs to that order of poetry of which the materials are supplied by reflection and human life. To this section—a very different one from that less substantial class in which his early poems may commonly be included—we should refer such pieces as the "Sabbath Day's Child," "To my Unknown Sister-in-law," "New Year's Day," "Why is there War on Earth," and the beautiful lines "On the Death of Henry Nelson Coleridge," with which, if our space permitted, we should adorn our pages. This is the section of the author's works which embodied his largest experience, and impregnated it with what was deepest and strongest in his individual character. His poetry has no higher merit than that of being true-hearted, and that is the truest portion of it which speaks to us most of the writer.

The same remark might be applied to most poets. Out of the heart we are told proceed the

issues of life; and assuredly the personal being is not less the source, though often a secret source, by which the "life poetic" is fed. Great thoughts, indeed the greatest, come from it. Literary and scientific works for the most part are produced by certain isolated faculties, working with a definite and restricted aim. Poetry, on the other hand, if it be genuine, flows from the whole being, not from a part of it, and makes report therefore of all that is deepest in the poet. The privilege of fiction permits him to speak the truth. His sympathies with others teach him to know himself; and, with the understanding that nothing which he says is to be interpreted literally, he "whispers the secret among the reeds." Even the poets who have prided themselves most on their imaginative superiority to the world of experience and realized feeling, and who have practised poetry most exclusively as an art, have not been able to maintain their boasted reserve; and in as many of their poems as have secured a place in the heart of others authentic traces are to be found of their own. In poetry, a "general confession" is made—a confession not of facts, but of moods, of hopes and fears, of desires and recollections, and of aspirations which but went the further forward because the shaft missed the mark at which it was aimed. The public, indeed, would be but a rude confessor; but for the mere public little of real poetry has ever been written. A book has been well described as "a letter to one's unknown friends." The expression applies especially to a volume of poetry. True poetry is not an appeal to public admiration, but a voice from a lonely heart, issuing forth in the hope of wakening an echo in answering hearts, be they few or many. Fame, indeed, is also notoriously among the stimulants of poetic exertion; but then "Fame is Love disguised:"—its appeal is to Posterity, whose award is made when praise is a flattery no more. That award, likewise, is the sentence of unimpassioned justice; and as such it is, perhaps, chiefly desired because it sanctions the sympathy already accorded by congenial minds, and stamps the seal of authenticity and sanity upon thoughts and feelings dearer to the poet than any applause, but in which, if unconfirmed, he can himself hardly place an unwavering faith.

It is, we think, this personal interest, which constitutes the chief charm of Hartley Coleridge's poems. Rich in imagination and intellect, their highest attraction yet lies in the genial temperament and kindly disposition which belong to them. Friendliness and good-will look forth from them upon all things. We have already seen that, if his childhood was a dream, yet in his later life he was surrounded by all the social relations, and that he appreciated them. At every "statesman's" hearth he was a welcome guest. He watched their labors, enjoyed their sports, took his place at the wedding feast or the funeral, and pondered the dispensation of human life, in high or low degree, with a learned eye and understanding heart. And as he felt he wrote; poetry was not with him an accomplishment cultivated in the spirit of a man of letters. Neither was it an ethical art embodying the speculations of an abstract intelligence. His Muse never lifted either the trumpet of the moral prophet, or the lyre of the rapt and mystic bard. She neither sent him with a commission of rebuke and exhortation, nor secluded him from the strife of tongues. She interpreted between him and his neighbors; she freshened and brightened the daily face of nature; she sweetened the draught

of an impoverished life, and made atonement to a defrauded heart. Hence the large proportion of his deepest poems, which were occasioned by domestic events, or the annals of the neighborhood—the elegiac verses on old or recent friends; the meditative strains connected with favorite haunts; the birthday and the bridal songs; the stanzas in which familiar incidents are moralized; and the many finished poems addressed to children, whom he regarded with a peculiar affection, and who apparently were ever prompt to repay it with an especial familiarity. A chance occasion was but the means of letting loose a current of slowly accumulated sentiment. Witness the lines

ON AN INFANT'S HAND.

What is an infant but a germ,
 Prophetic of a distant term?
 Whose present claim of love consists
 In that great power that Nature twists
 With the fine thread of imbecility,
 Motion of infinite tranquillity,
 Joy that is not for this or that,
 Nor like the restless joy of gnats,
 Or insect in the beam so rife,
 Whose day of pleasure is its life;
 But joy that, by its quiet being,
 Is witness of a law foreseeing
 All joy and sorrow that may hap
 To the wee sleeper in the mother's lap.
 Such joy, I ween, is ever creeping
 On every nerve of baby sleeping;
 But, baby waking, longest lingers
 In tiny hand and tiny fingers,
 Like lamp beside sepulchral urn,
 Much teaching that it ne'er did learn,
 Revealing by felicity,
 Foretelling by simplicity,
 And preaching by its sudden cries,
 Alone with God the baby lies.
 How hard it holds!—how tight the clasp.
 Ah! how intense the infant grasp!
 Electric from the ruling brains
 The will descends, and stirs, and strains
 That wondrous instrument, the hand,
 By which we learn to understand;—
 How fair, how small, how white and pure
 Its own most perfect miniature.
 The baby hand that is so wee,
 And yet is all that is to be;
 Unweaving what it has to do,
 Yet to its destined purpose true.
 The fingers fair, of varied length,
 That join or vie their little strength;
 The pigmy thumb, the onyx nail,
 The violet vein so blue and pale;
 The branchy lines where Gipsy eld
 Had all the course of life beheld:
 All, to its little finger's tip,
 Of Nature's choicest workmanship.
 Their task, their fate, we hardly guess—
 But oh! may it be happiness!
 Not always leisure, always play,
 But worky-day and holy-day;
 With holy Sabbath interspersed,
 And not the busiest day the worst.
 Not doomed, with needle or with pen,
 To drudge for o'er-exacting men,
 Nor any way to toil for lucre
 At frown of he or she rebuker;
 But still affectionate and free
 Their never weary housewifery.
 Blest lot be thine, my nestling dove,
 Never to work except in love;
 And God protect thy little hand
 From task imposed by unbeloved command!

(Vol. ii., p. 128.)

The next poem which we shall extract, is in a very different vein; and if it, too, may in one sense be called "occasional," assuredly it is among the noblest of the class. In it one of those men, seldom granted to any age, and whom our own could ill afford to lose, receives a commemoration such as can be given to him neither by the sculptor's nor the painter's art. That a character like that of Dr. Arnold, one which, though abounding in kindly affections, was yet especially marked by its massive simplicity, its masculine energy, and its ever militant sense of duty, should have attracted the reverence of a man so different, will be a matter of surprise to many. It was not, however, only in their love of wild flowers and hatred of oppression and fraud, that they found a common ground. They shared the same great Christian convictions, and built on them their hopes for the human race. The same faith which ministered strength to the athlete cast upon the storms of active life, sustained the drooping spirits of the recluse. Hartley Coleridge's nature was also one which, alike from generosity of heart and versatility of mind, had a large power of appreciating the most opposite gifts. We have little doubt that he cordially admired many, who, in him, would have remarked little except his defects.

ON THE LATE DR. ARNOLD.

Spirit of the Dead!

Though the pure faith of Him that was on earth,
Thy subject and thy Lord, forbids a prayer—
Forbids me to invoke thee, as of yore
Weak souls that dared not meet their God alone,
Sought countenance and kind companionship
Of some particular saint, whose knees had grazed
The very rock on which they knelt; whose blood
Had made or sanctified the gushing well
Round which their fond, mistaken piety
Had built a quaint confine of sculptured stone;—
Yet may I hope that wheresoe'er he is—
Beneath the altar, by the great white throne,
In Abraham's bosom, or amid the deep
Of Godhead, blended with eternal light,
One ray may reach him from the humble heart
That thanks our God for all that he has been.
What he is now we know not; he will be
A beautiful likeness of the God that gave
Him work to do, which he did do so well.
Whom Jesus loves to them he gives the grace
For Him to do and suffer in the world;
To suffer for the world was His alone,
But he in whom we joyed—for whom we mourn—
Did he not suffer? Worldly men say, No!
Of ills which they call ill he had not many;
The poverty which makes the very poor
Begrudge a morsel to their very child,
Was never his; nor did he "pine in thought,"
Seeing the lady of his love possessed
By a much richer, and no better man.
To him the lady of his love was wed,
Soon as his manhood authorized a wife;
And though the mother of his many babes,
To him she still was young, and fair, and fresh,
As when the golden ring slipped from his hand,
Upon her virgin finger.

Yet he suffered

Such pains and throes as only good men feel;
For he assumed the task to rear the boy,
The bold, proud boy, into a Christian man.
'T was not with childhood that he had to do;
Its wayward moods, and ready penitence,
That still is prompt to kiss, if not the rod,
At least the hand that wields it; not to watch
Sweet instinct reaching after distant reason,
And mere affection trained to duteous love,

(Though such the solace of his happy home,
Else how had he the hard behest endured?)
Nor was it all—oh, bliss! if it had been—
To teach the young capacious intellect
How beautiful Greece—and Rome, the child fore-
doomed

To catch the sceptre from its parent—spake,
Fitting high thoughts with words, and words with
deeds.

'T was his to struggle with that perilous age
Which claims for manhood's vice the privilege
Of boyhood;—when young Dionysus seems
All glorious as he burst upon the East
A jocund and a welcome conqueror;
And Aphrodite, sweet as from the sea
She rose and floated in her pearly shell,
A laughing girl;—when lawless will erects
Honor's gay temple on the mount of God,
And meek obedience bears the coward's brand;
While Satan, in celestial panoply,
With Sin, his lady, smiling by his side,
Defies all heaven to arms! 'T was his to teach
Day after day, from pulpit and from desk,
That the most childish sin which man can do
Is yet a sin which Jesus never did
When Jesus was a child, and yet a sin
For which, in lowly pain, He lived and died;
That for the bravest sin that e'er was praised
The King Eternal wore the crown of thorns.
In him was Jesus crucified again;
For every sin which he could not prevent
Stuck in him like a nail. His heart bled for it
As it had been a foul sin of his own.
Heavy his cross, and stoutly did he bear it
Even to the foot of holy Calvary;
And if at last he sunk beneath the weight,
There were not wanting souls whom he had taught
The way to Paradise, that, in white robes,
Thronged to the gate to hail their shepherd home!

The religious spirit which animates the lines we have extracted, is one of the chief elements in Hartley Coleridge's poetry. It is not obtrusively put forward—never, indeed, polemically; and it seems to find expression only because it could not have been excluded. It is this circumstance which gives its peculiar value to the witness he has unconsciously borne. It was because he wrote as a Humanist that he so frequently, though unintentionally, retraces the lineaments of that Divine image after which Humanity was formed. That philosophy, or rather that retrocession from philosophy, which regards man but as the first of animals, is not confined to professed books of metaphysics. However latently it may exist, it is, in fact, (a circumstance far too little reflected on,) the informing principle of every work in literature or art, not elevated by the opposite principle. "Only not all are materialists," asserts a great philosopher. We will not dispute that "only not all" tend that way, and in their lower moods, or the lower part of their nature, reach that end; but no one, we think, to whom Humanity is not as much a sealed book as Divinity—no one who does not rest contented in a merely senuous estimate of social relations and responsibilities, can be said to be a materialist, however his speculative opinions may err in that direction. In Hartley Coleridge's poetry, the whole scheme of human life is based upon a spiritual foundation; and every natural affection shines forth, relieved against a background of religious reverence. In it the future world supplies the clue to the labyrinth of the present, and strikes the key-note to all the harmonies of a lower sphere. The region in which his spirit moves, if bedewed abundantly with "Nature's tears," and haunted

by the sighs of mournful retrospection, is yet ever sweetened by a genial atmosphere of faith and love. Amid many vicissitudes, that faith never failed—lifting up its head through storm and shower, like the “frail birth of warmth and light,” the autumnal anemone, ever shaken, but never deflowered, to which he compares it. (Vol. ii., p. 90.) That faith preserved from corruption his whole poetic world. To it he owed that moral orthodoxy which banished from his poetry the spirit of waywardness, and imparted to his estimate of life a uniformly healthy tone.

It is not sufficiently observed how much the excellence of the best poetry is a moral excellence. “The beautiful is good; the good is true,” Hartley Coleridge tells us, and his poetry illustrates the canon; yet few perhaps have recognized the full degree in which Goodness is, in every Art, the soul of beauty and the seal of truth. For imagination, passion, and thought, no moral substitutes, indeed, can be found; but the degree in which these gifts discharge their special functions depends mainly upon their exercise being directed by a prevailing spirit of moral wisdom. The faculties which inspire poetry need themselves to be inspired by that “higher mind” whose seat is in a wise and generous heart. Without such aid poetry may indeed snatch a temporary charm from Circe; but Nature, our common mother, frowns upon her delusions. The prophet does not differ more from the sorcerer than poetry founded on Nature’s goodness and truth is raised above the very highest which has no deeper sanction than that of arbitrary thought and eccentric self-will. No poet is strong enough to stand by himself. It is not what he says, but what Nature says through him, which can endure; not his own thoughts, but the thoughts and experience of universal man, cast in the mould of an all-embracing and sincere imagination. With little of truth or wisdom a poet may indeed delight his own age, or a clique in it; since with its errors his own will so far correspond that he will be in some sort the expositor and interpreter of them; but his power is transient: for while truth is ever one, error is ever changing; and with later generations his peculiarities will be out of date.

That the poets whose works have become universal—that Homer and Shakspeare were wise and human-hearted men—nay, that in mind and moral sense, if not in habitual conduct also, they were good men, we all feel to be true, though we cannot prove the fact. It is worth noticing, however, how many of a less exalted order have owed their estimation in a large measure to what may be called the moral sense of their poetry. What would Chaucer have been without that cordiality which imparts a frank kindness to the ruder and even to the coarser touches of his caustic humor? What would Spenser have been without that chivalrous ideal, both older and younger than the knight-errantry which furnished matter for his song, and that purity which cast no fabled light upon his fairy bowers? To descend lower, what would have been Cowper’s rank in literature if his verse had not been as sane as its author was sometimes “distracted in mind;” or that of Burns, if his appreciation of courage, patriotism, domestic virtue, and humble worth, had not exceeded tenfold the sensual and lawless elements in his poetry? It would be equally easy to point out recent poets whose reception with future times will not be in proportion to their estimation in that age which they

flattered by kindred weaknesses or partaken errors, even while they denounced its institutions and warred on its conventions. As easy would it be to show how far the difference between what they did and what they might have done, is attributable to a waywardness which preferred originality in error before a truth held in common with the many, to a vanity which turned away from the universal heritage in order to make idols of special acquisitions or individual gifts, and to an egotism which interposed the image of self between the poet and the face of earth and heaven. Nor would it be difficult to point out other poets of the same era, belonging to the catholic, not the sectarian, schools of poetry, who, with very various degrees of power, have yet used it aright, and reaped their reward; poets who would scarcely have been good writers if they had not been good men, but who understood the greatness of their vocation, and preserved such a loyal reverence for truth and virtue, that they maintained, at least, the balance of the soul, and suffered not their infirmities to suppress their aspirations, to ascend into the region of their moral mind, and to usurp their functions of poetic power. The result is, that their works contain more than their authors consciously put into them; and that for no small period they will delight and elevate their readers, because, however contracted may be the mirrors which they hold up to Nature and to Man, they are capable of casting at least an undistorted reflection.

But to return. Descriptive power is eminently among the merits of the poems before us. In illustration, we may point the reader’s attention to the sonnets beginning “The mellow year is hastening to its close,” “New Year’s Day,” “May, 1832,” “Summer Rain” and many more. Still more remarkably do they exhibit the faculty for critical disquisition. Criticism, indeed, is seldom looked for in poetry; nor has the attempt often proved successful, from the time of Pope’s *Essay on Criticism* to our own days. It belongs to the class of didactic poetry; and assuredly although to instruct as well as to delight is the indirect office, if not the immediate aim, of every art, the method by which poetry teaches is far removed from the scientific. A long didactic poem in general demonstrates itself very soon to be but prose; yet, if the experiment be not extended too far, there is no reason why criticism in verse should not be as sagacious as it may be made poignant and pithy. Hartley Coleridge’s union of exact thought with a brilliant wit, qualified him admirably for the task; and many a critical essay may be found condensed in his “Sketches of English Poets.” They consist of lines written in blank leaves of his copy of “Anderson’s British Poets.” Unfortunately the volume containing his sketch of Pope has been lost; and, still more unluckily, not a few of those which remain are comments on certain magnates of their day, with whom this day will have no concern, though a poetical Aristotle were to illustrate them. Among the most felicitous of these descriptions are the sketches of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Daniel, Dryden, and Donne. The last may serve as a specimen:—

Brief was the reign of pure poetic truth.
A race of thinkers next, with rhymes uncouth
And fancies fashioned in laborious brains,
Made verses heavy as o’er-loaded wains,
Love was their theme; but love that dwelt in stones,
Or charmed the stars in their concentric zones;

Love that did first the nuptial bond conclude
 "Twixt immaterial form and matter rude ;
 Love that was riddled, sphered, transacted, spelt,
 Sublimed, projected, everything but felt.
 Or if in age, in orders, or the colic,
 They damned all loving as a heathen frolic ;
 They changed their topic, but in style the same,
 Adored their Maker as they would their dame.
 Thus *Donne*, not first, but greatest of the line,
 Of stubborn thoughts a garland thought to twine ;
 To his fair maid brought cabalistic posies,
 And sung quaint ditties of metempsychosis ;
 Twists iron pokers into true love-knots,
 Coining hard words, not found in polyglots.
 (Vol. ii., p. 321.)

Many of the best poems in these volumes indicate, in a striking manner, that peculiar temperament of which it has been remarked that "a humorous sadness, and a humorous mirth, are but its opposite poles." Habits of seclusion, concurring with a pliant imagination, a nervous constitution, and a leisure which yet could never be idle, had developed in their author nearly all the "humors" which belong to, and sometimes overlay, the poetical character. They are among the qualities which flavor his poetry most richly, whether the predominating mood be pensive or joyous, fitful or grave, that of an anxious foresight, or a half-sportive pathos. The tenderer moods have left behind the choicest fruits. Among them are to be found many love-poems, which, if not colored with the deeper and darker hues of passion, have yet detained the fleeting lights of a most affectionate fancy. Those lights might sometimes be called lunar gleams ; but they are the moonlight of a warm climate. To this class we would refer the stanzas, "To Somebody," the sonnets beginning, "I loved thee once," "Is love a fancy or a feeling ?" "Inania Munera," "I saw thee in the beauty of thy spring," &c., &c.

Another and a larger class in this collection may be described as philosophical poetry. Its originality and force are well set forth by a diction which, at all times manly and correct, could be exquisite when it pleased, and yet could, on occasions, drop upon the plainness of a child's speech. His later poetry belongs very frequently to this species ; nor can we sufficiently regret that the specimens presented to us had not always the benefit of the author's corrections. How much poetry, especially that of a high intellectual order, gains from the author's last corrections, we need hardly observe ; polished steel does not differ more from the rough metal than the last copy of a poem frequently differs from the first. Hartley Coleridge's works were frequently both conceived and struck off with extraordinary rapidity—a circumstance owing as well to an acquired tact as to that spontaneity which characterized his genius ; but the best of them were also elaborated with all needful care, a care, perhaps, most felt by the reader when least seen. The meditative poetry of the last half century, if not its best, is probably that which best expresses the spirit of the age. Among its highest efforts may be named not a few poems in these volumes, such as the sonnets beginning, "Pains I have known that cannot be again," "What is the meaning of the word 'sublime !'" "From infancy to retrospective old," "When I survey the long and deep and wide," "Accuse not gracious Nature of neglect." This sonnet on "Freedom," will not, we fear, give satisfaction to the Chartists :—

Say what is Freedom ? What the life of souls
 Which all who know are bound to keep, or die,

And who knows not is dead ? In vain we pry
 In the dark archives and tenacious scrolls
 Of written law, though Time embrace the rolls
 In his lank arms, and shed his yellow light
 On every barbarous word. Eternal Right
 Works its own way, and evermore controls
 Its own free essence. Liberty is Duty,
 Not License. Every pulse that beats
 At the glad summons of imperious beauty
 Obeys a law. The very cloud that fleets
 Along the dead green surface of the hill
 Is ruled and scattered by a godlike will.
 (Vol. ii., p. 50.)

The following, which traces one of our vaguest instincts to its seat in the Conscience, is a specimen of its author's psychological, as our former extract is of his political philosophy :—

FEAR.

Dim child of darkness and faint-echoing space,
 That still art just behind, and never here,
 Death's herald shadow, unimagined Fear ;
 Thou antic, that dost multiply a face,
 Which hath no self, but finds in every place
 A body, feature, voice, and circumstance ;
 Yet art most potent in the wide expanse
 Of unbelief—may I beseech thy grace ?
 Thou art a spirit of no certain clan,
 For thou wilt fight for either God or Devil.
 Man is thy slave, and yet thy lord is man ;
 The human heart creates thee good or evil :
 As goblin, ghost, or fiend, I ne'er have known thee ;
 But as myself, my sinful self, I own thee.
 (Vol. ii., p. 54.)

With the meditative poems may be classed a series with which the collection closes, consisting of pieces on theological subjects. The tone of these poems is serious, earnest, and devout, rather than impassioned. They are very unequal in merit. A few of them, which are doubtless to be regarded but as links in an incomplete series, seem to us but colder versions of narratives more poetic in the prose of Holy Scripture ; others (those probably which suggested the scheme) embody a genuine vision of some historic fact, or present to us a profound sentiment with the softness at once and the vividness of poetry. They frequently express subtle as well as pregnant truths in singularly condensed language, as in the following lines on Faith :—

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
 Is a dead creed—a map correct of heaven ;
 Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
 A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.
 It is an affirmation and an act
 That bids eternal truth be present fact.

There is much significance also in a sonnet entitled "Faith how guarded" :—

Yes, thou dost well to build a fence about
 Thine inward faith, and mount a stalwart guard
 Of answers, to oppose invading doubt.
 All aids are needful, for the strife is hard ;
 But still be sure the truth within to cherish—
 Truths long besieged too oft of hunger perish.

The Bible is the source in which he seeks objects for Faith. For the deficiencies of a written document, the record of the past, our poet seeks a supplement in the "living voice" of Nature :—

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
 If He that spake it were not speaking still—
 If all the light and all the shade around
 Were aught but issues of Almighty will.

Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.

An interesting portion of these poems might, in these days of illustrated books, be called, "Illustrations of the Bible," picturing forth, as they do, some scene from the Old or New Testament, and closing with a line or two that points the moral. They will remind the reader occasionally of old Drummond of Hawthornden, and, certainly, are not inferior to the best sonnets in his "Flowers of Sion." We refer especially to "Enoch," "Hagar," and "Moses," which last we shall quote.

She left her babe and went away to weep,
And listened oft to hear if he did cry;
But the great river sung his lullaby,
And unseen angels fanned his balmy sleep.
And yet his innocence itself might keep;
The sacred silence of his slumbrous smile
Makes peace in all the monster-breeding Nile;
For God even now is moving in the sweep
Of mighty waters. Little dreams the maid,
The royal maid, that comes to woo the wave
With her smooth limbs beneath the trembling
shade
Of silver-chaliced lotus, what a child
Her freak of pity is ordained to save!
How terrible the thing that looks so mild.

(Vol. ii., p. 349.)

With the following we must conclude our extracts:—

MULTUM DILEXIT.

She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date.
Only the *sin* remained—the leprous state:—
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

(Vol. ii., p. 387.)

The characteristics of Hartley Coleridge's poetry will have been better set forth by the specimens which we have given of its different classes than by any elaborate analysis. That it is true poetry the most careless reader cannot doubt. Its predominant spirit, especially in his later works, is that of a meditative humanity, which marks him on the whole as a pupil in the Wordsworthian school, notwithstanding a buoyancy and sweetness which often remind us of his father's most felicitous, if not his most elevated, vein. The temperament of his poetry, sanguine, pleasurable, and fitful, resembles also that of the elder Coleridge; while in his sonnets he attained an artistic perfection of form never reached by the other. In passion he was inferior to both the poets named; its place being supplied by a fancy which sometimes strayed in the direction of prettinesses, if not of conceits, but more often enlivened his verse with a poignant wit, and gave a sharper edge, and more brilliant relief, to weighty thought. Had he written at an earlier period, future critics could not fail to assign to his genius a place yet higher than will now, perhaps, be awarded to it; for, in that case, his originality would have been as unquestioned as

the freshness, sweetness, and truthfulness of his verse. Poetry, however, no doubt borrows from itself as well as from human life; which is one reason for the copiousness with which, after a long frost, its fountains gush forth at particular periods. Poets learn to sing as children learn to speak, in part by imitation; the imitative power will be liveliest where the apprehensive faculty is most alert, and the sympathies are strongest; and, assuredly, Hartley Coleridge's nature must have been more sluggish than it was, if he had not caught some part of his inspiration from that which floated in the air he daily breathed.

This consideration is in itself some answer to the question—why, with powers so various and well trained, and with ample leisure, he did not execute a work of a larger and more important order? Other explanations might also be offered, founded on the peculiarities of his intellect and moral being. His biographer suggests that there "was some faculty wanting in his mind, necessary for the completion of any great whole." The deficiency, he seems to think, lay in the power to systematize. The elder Coleridge, he remarks, could methodize the most magnificent scheme in imagination, and by an intuitive discernment of its central idea; but yet could seldom persuade his thoughts to "arrange themselves within artificial limits"—"the centrifugal and centripetal forces of his mind were well balanced; but the foci of his thought were so distant that their orbit became practically unlimited, though each portion contained the law of its return, and the prophecy of its completion. No such power was ever exhibited by his son; he does not appear ever to have realized even the conception of any great whole." Such a want of completeness in conception would imply a defect of the creative faculty likewise, since the imagination can only create what it has previously conceived, and in its conception the idea of the complete work must be, at least germinally, contained. A plastic imagination is, indeed, very different from a creative energy; and in Hartley Coleridge it was more predominant. Yet, on the other hand, no intellectual deficiency need be supposed in order to account for a discrepancy between what his poetry was and what it might have been. We have already remarked how much that poetry owed to the large and generous moral disposition of which it is the expression. The lesson would be incomplete if we did not admit that it lost proportionably from the defect of strength in his moral character. We may often indulge in the stronger vices with apparent impunity; but for every weakness Nature extorts a forfeit; and the penance which she most often imposes is one which illudes observation—she denies us the power of fully exerting our powers. In art, as in life, a governing will must marshal all the powers. Self-control is the "leathern girdle" which, seeming but to restrain, braces the adventurous artist for his ascent up the mountain side. He must be equally prompt to act and patient to wait. His courage must not be impulsive only, nor must his prudence degenerate into caution. His sympathies must advance uncheered by vanity, and unchecked by repulse. His studies must be deliberate acts, converging towards a definite end, not merely an indulgence of curiosity or an escape from the cares of life. If he would be Nature's priest, offering her sacrifice, he needs somewhat of ascetic discipline and renunciation; remembering that though genius must ever be, in some measure, indebted to the mere temperament of genius, it yet should not draw

too largely for nourishment upon its meaner part. If he would be Nature's missionary, preaching her faith, he must dare great things: he must not cling to creeks and neighboring coasts, trafficking but with the products of daily experience, and the spoils of chance encounters; he must push forth boldly, and tempt the deep.

How far, it may be asked, did the circumstances of Hartley Coleridge's life interfere with the largest exercise of his poetic powers? Their influence, we should say, must have been adverse, so far as they deprived him of that masculine invigoration which is often produced by the friendly oppugnancy of pursuits independent of inclination. He would have doubtless been a greater poet if he had been less exclusively a poet; for the stronger, and therefore the loftier the stem, the higher will its blossom and fruitage wave in the air. It is obvious, however, that avocations so utterly at variance with his whole nature as the management of a school must have tended rather to paralyze than to discipline his powers. Literary success might have stimulated his mind to more of continuous exertion; yet on this subject no general rule can be laid down. A mixture of prosperity and adversity seems as necessary for our moral culture as an alternation of sunshine and rain is for vegetable growth: but whether genius be developed most by the bright or the dark ministration depends mainly on the temperament with which it is associated. Melancholy and saturnine natures, especially if they be also proud and irascible, are often provoked to higher exertion by what they regard as neglect or injustice; and under such a stimulus become conscious of powers which, till precipitated into action, were locked up in reserve. Tenderer temperaments, on the other hand, require applause to enable them to shake off their diffidence. Sympathy is the air they breathe; and if they find it not for their intellectual creations, rather than labor without its cheering influence, their genius spends itself upon those associations and pursuits in which sympathy may always be bestowed and occasionally received. "Necessity," we are told, "always affected Hartley Coleridge with the touch of a torpedo." This is commonly the case where the active powers, however large in themselves, are not in proportion to the sensibilities, or where the moral sensibilities are encompassed and embarrassed by a throng of nervous sensibilities. Hope is the conducting spirit of such a character, which finds it easier to advance than to stand; and to natures so constituted success is but a minister of Hope.

Such support Hartley Coleridge needed in an especial degree. The humility which is impressed upon all his poems, and the spirit of compunction which stamps upon the best among them their peculiar character, at once searching and subduing, were probably not favorable to those habits of mind which engage men in large enterprises. For the poet, however, as for the man, good and ill fortune were so blended that it is often hard to know them apart. He had a high training as well as a high gift, the helps as well as the hindrances of a poetic age, the benefits, as well as the disadvantages, which proceed from the absence of contemporary fame; he had nature, books, friends, and leisure. A man with these advantages, and fifty-two years of life, may generally be considered to have put forth what was in him and was accessible. So large a bequest as he has left us is seldom so unalloyed a one. A noble moral spirit will long continue to be diffused from his poetry; a moral lesson not less deep is to be found in that poetry

taken in connexion with his life. In our remarks on the latter we have but glanced at principles of large and general concern, enforced by himself in many a poem rich in "heart wisdom," and strong to diffuse it. Our imperfect sketch can easily be filled up for himself by any reader who is able to afford to so large a storehouse of genuine poetry the time that it deserves. In Hartley Coleridge's "Essays and Marginalia," he will find all the additional notes necessary for the study of their author's genius, as well as a varied range of discriminative criticism and discursive thought. We regret that our present limits compel us thus briefly to refer to them.

From the Traveller.

THE OLD MAN'S MEDITATIONS.

BY C. C. COFFIN.

THE Old Man walked with weary feet,
And gazed with clouded eye;
Slowly within the waves did beat,
He thought perhaps the winding-sheet
Would soon o'er him its foldings meet,
That soon he was to die.

He thought of childhood's happy hours,
And knew that they were fled;
He played once more amid the flowers,
He built again the airy towers,
And sat within the shady bowers,
With friends who now were dead.

He thought upon the distant land
Which he had travelled o'er;
He asked—"Where is that happy band
Which started with me hand in hand,
Who left their foot-prints on the sand,
And then were seen no more?"

He thought how fast the time had sped—
He saw the setting sun;
Where was the wife which he had wed—
Would she stand by his dying bed
And pillow up his aching head
When life's last sand had run?

Where was the mother, who had prayed
To God to bless her child;
Who soothed his sorrows when afraid,
And then in joy with him had played,
And called him back when he had strayed,
And looked on him and smiled?

Where was the father, whose kind hand
Had over him been cast;
Who in his arms his child did bear,
Who taught to him his evening prayer,
Who rocked him in his little chair,
And loved him to the last?

He looked upon the sea of years
O'er which he long had sailed;
The new-born hopes and pregnant fears,
The sudden joys and scalding tears,
And tales of love again he hears,
For memory has not failed.

He sees the wrecks upon the shore,
And everything is drear;
The rolling waves around him roar,
The angry clouds their torrents pour,
His friends are gone for evermore,
And he alone is here.

Yet through the long and gloomy night
The Old Man saw a star;
It is a happy cheerful light
That gleams upon his misty sight,
It nearer comes, and shines more bright—
Heaven's light-house from afar.

West Boscawen, N. H. Aug. 21, 1851.

From the Spectator.

NEALE'S SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND ASIA MINOR.*

MR. NEALE was "attached to the consular service in Syria," and resided in the country for eight years. A portion of that time was of course devoted to public duty in fixed localities, or to moving about on public business, but some of it was occupied in recreation and pleasure-trips. Between the two, Mr. Neale has exhausted the memorable places or striking scenes of Syria, from Gaza on the confines of Egypt to Alexandretta the port of Aleppo; whence he just passes on into Asia Minor. His book consists of notices of the different places, and of journeys between them; with sketches of men and manners, incidents, description, and remarks.

A portion of the country to which Mr. Neale's notices relate has freshness; for the common tourist seldom journeys beyond Beyrout, leaving Latakia, Antioch, Aleppo, and other places, unvisited. It is not novelty, however, but time, that gives value to Mr. Neale's work. Scanty traces of his avocation appear in his book, but almost every page exhibits its results. He speaks of the people and their rulers like one who is familiar with their daily life or their habitual doings. He describes places like a man acquainted with their various aspects in all seasons. His knowledge of persons is a knowledge more intimate than can be gained by passing visits of ceremony or business; and this intimacy not only imparts certainty and truth to his descriptions, but gives rise to many occurrences, which though slight in themselves throw light upon the manners and habits of the people. He also knew the language, and could thus enter into the sense and spirit of what was going on, instead of being dependent upon a dragoman or interpreter—a class of whom he gives a most contemptuous account. The matter, moreover, is exhibited in a lively and unaffected manner. *Eight Years in Syria* is one of the best accounts of the country and people that has been published of late years. Antiquities, whether scriptural or classical, only receive a passing attention.

Notwithstanding the devastation to which Syria was exposed in the war between the Porte, the Pasha of Egypt, and the European powers, and the shocking misgovernment to which it is subjected, foreign trade, if not prosperity, seems to be advancing. Europeans are establishing themselves in the country; the silk-cultivation is improving under their auspices, and the repeal of the English corn-laws has given a considerable stimulus to Syrian exports of grain, not large considered with reference to British commerce, but important to places which heretofore had little or none. This is a picture of progress at a village near Mount Carmel.

Not four years ago Caipha was an insignificant fishing-village, with a population of little more than two hundred souls, and resorted to only by small Arab boats, or vessels that sought protection from the inclemency of the weather in its safe and commodious harbor. At the present day its population may be reckoned at three thousand; and houses and huts cannot be fast enough constructed to afford shelter to the numerous new settlers that arrive almost daily.

**Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor*, from 1842 to 1850. By F. A. Neale, Esq., late attached to the Consular Service in Syria. In two volumes. Published by Colburn & Co.

From the middle of September up to the middle of November, 1850, a space of only two months, no less than eight English vessels, whose joint measurement amounted to about two thousand three hundred tons, loaded at Caipha eighteen thousand quarters of wheat for Falmouth and Cork alone; and besides these, there were several large Greek vessels for Bristol and the north of Ireland. Such a sudden start of trade on a gigantic scale brought numerous speculating Arabs from the surrounding villages, who found it best suited their convenience to fix their permanent abode within the walls of Caipha itself. Every one, even the most wretched and destitute, found ample employment for themselves and families; the men and boys worked as laborers in assisting the numerous masons employed upon new buildings; the more robust became porters and watermen; and the women and girls were actively engaged from sunrise to sundown in sifting wheat and sesame seed at the various warehouses of the merchants. Yet, notwithstanding the daily influx of strangers, ready and eager to find employment, the trade grew faster upon the town than its rapidly increasing population, so that merchants and ships were absolutely at a standstill for want of hands. The natives, being well aware of the power they were thus invested with, refused to work except at the most exorbitant rates. Merchants were bound down to time by charter-parties, and they had no alternative left them but to agree to these rates. I have known porters, who carried sacks of wheat from a warehouse not twenty yards from the landing-place, gain as much as from thirty to forty shillings a day, a sum hardly gained by a month's labor at any other port in the Mediterranean. These creatures, who a few months before had crawled about from door to door begging a morsel of bread to appease the cravings of hunger, grew insolent in proportion as their independence increased; and I have seen Arab merchants, who were tortured out of their existence by the masters of the English vessels consigned to their houses, actually crave as a favor of these porters to carry down their grain for a sum twenty times the amount ordinarily given.

The ill effects resulting from insufficient labor were aggravated by want of boats and a bad landing-place. The latter, however, was the real difficulty, and in any other place than Turkey it would have been quickly remedied by building a jetty; but the Turkish government does nothing of itself, there are no foreign authorities of weight to interfere, and "everybody's business is nobody's business." Russia seems the best provided with public agency, Great Britain about the worst.

From what occurred during my stay at Caipha, I am only astonished that bloodshed and murder have not been of frequent occurrence. According to the custom established at Caipha, any man who succeeds in being the first party to deposit or empty out a sack of grain in a boat, has an indisputable right to make use of that boat for the trip; but on its return from the ship, it is freed from this appropriation, and is again open to seizure. A most diverting sight is to see the numerous merchants, clerks, ship-brokers, and skippers, screaming out offers at the highest pitch of their voices to the unconscious boatmen, who are yet far beyond the reach of all sound. Some are perched on the bank over the custom-house gate; others are on the landing-stairs; a few are seated on the ledge of rocks which run parallel with the town; and one or two, more hardy than the rest, are wading out into the sea, in the hope of being able to take forcible possession of the prize. Meanwhile, some twenty porters, each carrying for different warehouses, are jostling and hustling one another on the very slippery steps from which goods are embarked, each determined in his own mind to be the first to

throw in the sack, or to perish in the attempt; and the sudden disappearance of a man, sack and all, who has lost his balance and fallen into the water, is not at all a rare spectacle at Caïpha. On such occasions, a fight generally ensues, at first confined to the man who fell into the water and the porter who was the cause of his mishap; and, as a natural consequence, the heavily-laden man is sure to meet a similar fate to that which he had occasioned his neighbor. Then the war becomes general. The two clerks who keep tally, and the two merchants who are shipping, and the two captains on board whose ships the lost grain was to be shipped, all fall to at once, and keep at it tooth and nail. Amidst the uproar and confusion that ensue, the anxiously expected boat touches the land; and is instantly pounced upon by some man more wary than his neighbors, who has kept aloof from the others in some hidden nook or corner, and who rushes into the boat at the peril of his life, when, having safely deposited the bag of wheat, he proclaims his victory by shouting out the name of the lucky individual he carries for.

The following picture of landlords and peasants has interest for itself, and is curious for its indication of a germ of constitutional power even in Turkey. The provincial council alluded to is doubtless at the very best a mere oligarchy, and in the more palmy days of the Ottoman Porte would be nothing opposed to an able and resolute Pasha; still there is the *theory* of a check, like the old parliaments of France or the existing provincial councils of Russia.

It may be safely stated that the whole of the wealth yielded by the rich and fertile soil of Antioch, and the villages under its jurisdiction, is divided between its Ayans and Effendis. The chief among these, Musoud Effendi, is said to possess upwards of one hundred mulberry plantations, which, in silk alone, yield him a revenue of about fifteen thousand pounds per annum. Hadgi Halif Aga ranks next to Musoud Effendi. He is descended from a renegade Jew, and possesses all the natural cunning of his ancestors, by which he has greatly augmented the influence and power arising from his social interest and position.

The Governor of Antioch, however talented he may be, and however determined to support his authority and the dignity of his post, is considered a mere cipher, and is little more respected amongst the inhabitants of Antioch; for, apart from the certainty of his being sooner or later bribed over to the party of some influential Ayan, the Meglis, or Council, being composed of the various Effendis, whose policy it is to act *en masse*, as it were, pull together, and he can never hope to carry any measure into effect which would be injurious to their private interests.

These Ayans are thirteen in number, all more or less rich and influential; and the greater part of the population may be said to earn their bread directly or indirectly in their employment or service: for amongst them is divided the whole of the territorial possessions, from Jesser il Huled on the one side, to the villages of Suedia, Bitias, and Casab on the other—all land in a high state of cultivation, producing wheat, barley, and other grain, or laid out in mulberry plantations for the rearing of the silk-worm.

I believe that if the title-deeds of many of these Effendis were examined, the Sultan's government would discover that the revenue has been defrauded to a considerable extent, and that, if their hourly transactions with the custom-house officers and other local authorities were strictly investigated, defalcations to a considerable amount would be found as to the actual amount of excise which they pay to the revenue. The peasantry on their estates labor twelve hours in the day, and at the expiration of twelve

months find themselves, instead of being any the better, indebted to their iniquitous landlords. The vast improvements and ameliorations that have been effected under the present enlightened Sultan's sway have, however, reached even Antioch, though they are not yet carried out to any extent.

For those, however, who are not under the thumb of the landlords, Antioch has its attractions. Here are the pros and cons:

Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger, and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it as a place of residence to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms, a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bed-room, and a dressing-room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a store-house, a kitchen, and servants' room. I had in the garden a grape-vine, (muskatel,) a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation I paid three hundred and fifty piastres—about three pounds sterling; and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished; but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale: a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about three pounds a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for a shilling; fowls, and fat ones too, two pence each. Fish is sold by the weight; thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds weight for a shilling. Eels, the very best flavored in the world, three halfpence each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, des asperges, celery, water-cresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about five shillings the horse-load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible (house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included) to exceed the expenditure of forty pounds per annum.

Under these circumstances, it may appear marvelous that many Europeans possessed of limited means have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its pros and cons. The cons, in this instance, are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming, at one instant's warning, the victim of some fanatical émeute; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Ayans to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books; and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity."

The book abounds with sketches and anecdotes indicative of individual or general character; of which we take a few.

ACTIVE PRACTICE.

A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a soi-disant doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Beilan. He was much given to administering emetics, and, having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding that the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which in a few hours terminated fatally. Next day, the doctor was astounded to learn, on inquiring, that his patient was dead; and evinced his concern in his face. "Never mind," said the brother, "it was so fated; but, Marshalla! you are a great doctor: the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was a fine medicine, and if it could n't cure him nothing earthly could."

SYRIAN CAMEL-DRIVERS.

The camel-drivers are a hardy, robust race, who have seldom throughout their lives any other canopy over their heads, night or day, snow or rain, than the heavens. Enveloped in their sheepskin cloaks, and squatted round such fire as the weather will permit of their having, they vociferate rather than talk, and sing, and smoke, and are as contented as though they were snugly seated in some baronial hall. They sleep an hour or so profoundly, and wake up as refreshed as though their couch had been eider-down instead of the damp earth, and as though they had had the finest blankets instead of frost for their coverlet. On the whole, nothing can exceed the hard life which these poor fellows lead. Buffeted and reviled by Turkish officials or European merchants, they toil on the road, screaming to each other, or to their submissive but occasionally truant camels. Now a bale is hanging over a precipice, and must be adjusted; and the cameliers hurry to each other with frantic clamor, their gaunt muscular limbs quivering with excitement. "C'est un peuple criard," says Lamartine; and so in good truth they are. It is by no means an uncommon thing for them to lose their voices for a while after an unusually disastrous accident to a camel, so perseveringly and incessantly had they bawled their injunctions, reproaches, and imprecations after the poor beast ere it completed the mischief.

HORSE SURGERY.

In Acre there is a plentiful supply of Turkish veterinary surgeons; and about the most curious sight I ever witnessed was a horse under treatment by these practitioners. First, they threw it on the ground, by tying its four feet or hoofs so closely together that it became as helpless as an infant; then a tight bandage was placed over the nose and mouth, only leaving sufficient space for the animal to breathe. A Turkish pipe, containing tobacco, bang, hashish, cuscus, and other narcotics, was inserted in one of the nostrils, and a spark being placed upon the bowl, the horse involuntarily inhaled the stupefying smoke; which had the effect, after a very short period, of rendering it unconscious of what was going on. Then the skill of surgery was brought into play, and the fetlock of the poor brute being laid open, a perfect hive of worms, deposited by a fly, common in some parts of the desert between Damascus and Bagdad, was duly extracted. The wound was closed up with pitch sticking-plaster, and the bands being unloosed, buckets of cold water were thrown over the horse; who quickly revived. The foot was now placed in a sling, and in a few days afterwards, so effective had

been the operation, the horse was fit to pursue its daily avocations.

THE ANTIQUE DEALER OF ANTIOCH.

It is on these occasions [the violent rains] that those antique coins and stones are collected for which Antioch is so justly celebrated. No sooner has the weather cleared up after a smart shower of rain, and the waters commence to abate, than swarms of little children may be observed busily occupied in the numerous gutters, armed with sieves, and sticks, and brooms, sweeping up and clearing away the mud, and earnestly occupied in hunting for antiques. Seldom is the search fruitless. Some of the little seekers find silver coins, others copper; and some few are lucky enough to light on precious stones. These children had been for some time in the practice of carrying off their booty to a Turk called Hadji Ali, who made it his business to trade in antiques. From the hard bargains he drove he was more Jew than Turk; buying up everything from the children at ridiculously low prices, and then gaining enormously by retailing them to English travellers. From naval officers, in particular, he acquired large sums; and had been so spoiled by their generosity, that he now on all occasions demanded the most exorbitant prices for things that were of themselves of the smallest value. Hadji Ali was as illiterate as he was knavish, and the old rogue on one occasion was completely taken in by a very modern antique, for which he had been induced to pay a large sum. Visiting the tents of some English travellers, as was his wont, and unrolling one by one, from the many folds of old rags and dirty paper in which they were enveloped, the stones and antiques that he set most value upon, he at length drew one with apparent reluctance from the very bottom of a little tin canister, declaring his unwillingness to part with it for anything less than twenty guineas. The price asked naturally excited the curiosity of every one present; and on the precious relic being at length produced and inspected, it turned out to be a piece of common glass, with a portrait of Liston as Paul Pry, and the familiar device of "I hope I don't intrude." Ali was vastly discomfited by the laughter of the group, and offered his cherished antique to his next visitor for five pounds; when he learnt, to his consternation, that it was not worth five farthings. Hadji, however, had in his possession a beautifully cut emerald, which presented the striking device of seven distinct heads on being turned in as many directions: but the rogue knew that the emerald was in itself of great value, and would never listen to any reasonable offer for it. The result of his obstinacy in refusing to part with this relique was that an old Turk got possession of it for nothing. A Mutzellim, who had avowed his determination to make as much money as he could during his brief sojourn at Antioch, (for a Mutzellim's stay in office and power is generally very brief,) got intelligence of Ali's wealth, and of the method he had adopted to accumulate riches; and the consequence was, that the poor wretch was dragged out of bed one night, and carried before the governor, charged with having defrauded the government by assuming to himself the right of selling antiques. His property was confiscated, and he himself bastinadoed; and it was not till he had lingered many months in prison, that he was, by the Mutzellim's recall from Antioch, set at large, to commence the world again as he best could.

From the Examiner.

JOHN LEWIS.

In a pamphlet just published on *Pre-Raphaelitism*, in which great eloquence is brought in aid of great dogmatism and very rash conclusions, Mr. Ruskin singles out the drawings of Mr. John Lewis for

emphatic praise. On this point we are glad to find ourselves in unmisgiving agreement with Mr. Ruskin.

John Lewis has for years ranked with the highest order of painters in a department where England stands confessedly first. His water-color drawings have frequently been the subject of admiring criticism in this journal. They showed the power and capability of that branch of art over a range of subject mastered by few, and in qualities of drawing as well as of color still more rarely witnessed. Yet his secret would seem to be a simple one, if young artists had but the courage to think so. Hogarth expressed it in his rough striking way when he swore that there was but one "school" of painting, and that was kept by nature. Mr. Lewis' sketches of animals, executed while he was yet very young, were unaffectedly true to the several natures represented. His subsequent scenes and characters of Spanish life were an expression of the genius of the people as exact as if he had passed all his life at bull-fights, or in posadas, or with guerilla chiefs in the mountains. His next phase of study similarly displayed itself in his picture of Easter Day at Rome, where even the color was less remarkable for beauty and richness than the character for minute variety and truth of expression. From Italy, Mr. Lewis passed to the East, where the results of a lengthened residence appeared in that elaborate picture of the Hhareem exhibited two years ago, which astonished every one by its wondrous presentment of local, national, and individual truth of character, by its mixed ease and severity of drawing, marvels of minute execution, extraordinary delicacy as well as beauty of color, dazzling effects of sun and shade, and a refinement in the expression of the merely sensuous or voluptuous quite without parallel in our recollection. This picture (which we rejoice to learn is now about to be engraved) gave us what we may call the most finished phase of Mr. Lewis' genius and studies—nature having been true to him throughout as he to her.

And something of the process by which such results have been obtained we are now placed in a position to speak of, having seen nearly two hundred sketches in water colors lately brought over from the East by Mr. Lewis himself, whose studies during the last ten years in Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, are embodied in this magnificent collection. As a whole they have probably never been equalled. We know of no traveller with pen or pencil who has brought back so much of exact truth from those distant scenes of travel. They show us the worth of Hogarth's counsel as to studying in the school of nature by exhibiting the inexhaustible variety of materials to be found there. Warm and earnest as Mr. Ruskin's language is in the pamphlet to which we have referred, we do not think it immoderate or exaggerated as we look at these works. After mentioning Mr. Lewis' early studies, he proceeds—"Since then he has devoted himself to the portraiture of those European and Asiatic races among whom the refinements of civilization exist, without its law or its energies, and in whom the fierceness, indolence, and subtlety of animal nature are associated with brilliant imagination and strong affections. To this task he has brought not only intense perception of the kind of character, but powers of artistical composition like those of the great Venetians, displaying at the same

time a refinement of drawing almost miraculous, and appreciable only, as the minutiae of nature itself are appreciable by the help of the microscope. The value, therefore, of his works, as records of the aspect of the scenery, and inhabitants of the south of Spain and the East, in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, is quite above all estimate."

Let no one question this praise who has not seen the collection of sketches to which it refers, and which are to be visible for a few days longer, we believe, at Mr. Lewis' house in Wimpole street. They embrace every aspect and variety of landscape and character. We pass from Rome, Florence, Amalfi and Sorrento, through the gorgeous mosques of Constantinople and the crowded streets and bazaars of Cairo, to the solitary convents, bedouins, and dromedaries of Mount Sinai, and the magnificent temples of Upper Egypt. We see the peasants of Rome and the Abruzzi, Roman cardinals and pifferari, Greek primates and girls of Yanina, Albanians, Circassians, Arabs, Fellahs, Sheikhs, Pilgrims; and every sort of contrast of Southern and Eastern life, from the mountaineer upon the hills to the indolent lady in the mosque; from the busy little Turk in school fagging hard at his primer, to the grasping old Arab in his bazaar fagging as hard at a bargain; from the well-furnished convent refectory and its comfortable monks to the silent plain or desert with its eager sheikh or bedouin, and patient camel or dromedary.

But even more interesting than these singular varieties of pictorial representation is the knowledge so conveyed to us of the means by which such increased facility and power of drawing and manipulation are obtained by an artist really zealous in his profession. The reverence for truth shown in the slightest of these sketches is quite astonishing. The elaborate texture which may be perceived on close examination of the surfaces of the drawing, the study bestowed on the atmospheric effects, the careless freedom yet close fidelity of outline, the unobtrusive ease yet at the same time unsurpassable precision and finish in the arrangement and handling of colors, and, finally, the air of nature and originality breathing freshly over all the compositions and designs, render the collection a delightful study to a young artist.

A series of engravings from them on the plan of Mr. David Roberts' masterly sketches would in this respect be invaluable. And we hope that Mr. Lewis may be induced to consent to their publication.

JENNY LIND.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A LADY IN PHILADELPHIA TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

THE selection was just what we would have chosen—all the airs familiar to us; Quando Lascia la Normandia, from Robert le Diable; Casta Diva and the Allegro; a prayer from Der Freyschutz; the Last Rose of Summer, and John Anderson my Joe. The things by the orchestra, and Salvi, and Belletti, were beautiful. We were charmed with the orchestra, enchanted with Salvi—a beautiful voice, first-rate method, and peculiarly beautiful modulation. His Spirito Gentil, from La Favorita, which I had heard before, was exquisite; and the duet from the Barber (All Idea) was a gem, a treat. Belletti was admirable, and there was some very fine piano playing, and a glorious overture of

Weber's, (the Jubilee overture,) a famed composition, beautiful and elevating. Really, when I think of all this, it seems enough of a treat for a year to come.

But to hear *Jenny Lind* once is a treat to last until we go to heaven, where, and where alone, I suppose, such music can be heard. It is impossible to say what I think of her; as to criticising her, I could not attempt it until I had heard her fifty times, and then it would be but to admire each particular achievement. How any one can think her cold I know not. I find her full of passion, fire, energy, and possessing an *earnestness* which makes this passionate energy stronger than in any Italian I ever listened to. It is enough to hear her *Casta Diva* to be convinced that the most fervid expression of feeling can be felt and given by her; that she would be great in tragedy or tragic opera. She gives the Prayer with deep feeling, but calmly and solemnly. At the end of the first part she put in two or three notes of a flourish, perfectly admissible and very simple; but I regretted this, as I think the composer's music should be given with rigid fidelity in such a thing as *Casta Diva*, and she is evidently so little given to the ornate, her style is so artistic, in the solemn music so almost severe, that this must have been a *lapsus lingue*. Then in the second verse, "*Tempra, O Diva, tempra tu in cori ardenti*;" oh, what fervor! what deep, passionate entreaty she threw into those words! as though she were indeed praying for all the tumultuous passions of her fellow-beings to be calmed by holy influences; no one without a great heart and deep sympathies with humanity could so sing it. In the *Allegro* her whole manner changed; such an expression of love as she gave! and when she descends in a *cadenza*, and repeats "*Ah Bello a me ritorno*," &c., it was electrifying—so loving, so passionate. As to wonderful voice and execution, I can only say, as of the rest, it was beyond all my powers of imagination. The rest was all like this, and her versatility is amazing. John Andersen, as she says, was inimitable, exquisite. As soon as she said, "*'Tis the last rose of summer*," I felt an interest in that particular rose profound and moving; and when she said, "*Ah! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?*" I really felt as if there was a wintry blast within and about me.

In truth she is a gifted being; she has consecrated her wonderful powers to the noblest ends, and God's blessing rests on every note she pours forth. I went almost unwillingly, and never had an idea of being excited; nor was I excited; it went beyond that—I was deeply impressed and solemnized. It seemed like a revelation from heaven; an enjoyment among the highest and purest my nature is capable of. I never expect to hear her again till I go to heaven. I hope I shall go there; she will certainly have a high place there, and I should like to hear her very often. You will think me crazy, but indeed I am not.—*Nat. Intelligencer*.

From the Edinburgh Courant.

STORY OF DUNCAN CHISHOLM.

Those who were familiar with the pretty little town of Inverness five-and-twenty, or, it may be, thirty years ago, must remember the hero of this story. Duncan Chisholm, says our parliamentary authority, seemed at that time to be about thirty

years of age. He was somewhat slender in person; his stature was of the middle size—or, to be more specific, he stood about five feet nine in his boots: his shoulders were high, his complexion sallow; and it was particularly remarked that he seldom looked any one in the face. For his dress, he affected a blue surtout, a black waistcoat, pantaloons, and a hat. He united the somewhat incongruous vocations of a solicitor and dealer in leather. Between these two professions it was fated that Duncan Chisholm should fall to the ground; in plain terms, he found his way into the list of "sequestrations" in the *Gazette*. On becoming bankrupt, he clandestinely left Inverness, and could not be found, although a reward of fifty guineas was offered for his apprehension.

Years rolled by, but no tidings were heard of the vanished solicitor. By many he was believed to have been long dead and buried, when suddenly a rumor reached Inverness that he was yet alive and well. Many and stiff were the tumblers of toddy that were drunk that night in the capital of the Highlands, in discussing the credibility of a report which affirmed that the broken-down leather-seller of Clach-na-cuddin was now, under another name, a man of fortune, high in office in Dublin Castle, a dispenser of magnificent charities, the counsellor of statesmen, the instructor of parliaments. Even so it was; when closely questioned, Mr. George Mathews of the secretary's office in Ireland confessed his identity with Duncan Chisholm, the man of law and leather in Inverness; and seeing that better could not be, he told the story of his transformation. Enlisting in the 53d regiment of foot, he rose to be a sergeant. He was reduced from that grade after a few months, only to rise again to a higher rank—that of staff-military-clerk in the brigade office at Dublin. Hence, about 1833, he made his way as a clerk into the Irish Tithe Office. Five years afterwards he was appointed secretary of the Tithe Million Fund, with a salary of ten pounds a week, besides his pay as a clerk in the Irish secretary's office. His ascent was now rapid; another year or two saw him in the management of the Regium Donum Fund of 30,000*l.* a year, closeted with Irish secretaries, controlling Irish estimates, and despatched to London when the Irish government wanted "a useful witness" to stop the mouth of a troublesome committee.

Such splendid success could scarcely fail to provoke some little envy. The Irish government were duly informed of the Highland antecedents of their fortunate friend, and were particularly requested to see that his accounts were properly vouched and audited. The hint was taken—a board of inquiry was appointed by Earl de Grey, the viceroy of the day; but that board reported that Duncan Chisholm, *alias* George Mathews, "was a public servant of unimpeachable integrity;" and Under-Secretary Lucas was instructed to convey to the much-maligned gentleman the lord-lieutenant's opinion that he had been "completely and honorably acquitted of every charge affecting his character." This was in the spring of 1842. An acquittal so emphatic seems to have silenced complaint if it did not remove suspicion; and it is not until after seven years have passed that the attention of the Irish government is again drawn by Mr. Sadleir, the member for Carlow, to the proceedings of Mr. Chisholm or Mathews. Mr. Sadleir's letter goes over the old field and breaks some new ground; but Lord Clarendon sees

nothing in the statement to shake his full confidence in the verdict of 1842, and pronounces, therefore, that "any new inquiry would be unfair towards Mr. Mathews, and is uncalled for on any public ground." Mr. Sadleir returns to the charge, which he enforces by at least one strong piece of evidence; but still Lord Clarendon will not be moved, and the member for Carlow then retires discomfited from the lists.

But Duncan Chisholm had made to himself enemies more implacable than any political adversary. By the patronage which he lavished on the small religious sect of whose tabernacle he was a pillar, he had roused the hatred of some other sects of nearly the same persuasion. When once thoroughly excited, the *odium theologicum* never dies, never tires, never relents. The detection which had baffled successive viceroys, secretaries, and statesmen, was at length accomplished by the persevering enmity—"the patient watch and vigil long"—of two or three dissenting ministers who differed from Mr. Duncan Chisholm on certain recondite points of doctrine. The charges against him were once more renewed—another commission of inquiry was appointed; but before it could begin its labors the accused had admitted his guilt by an ignominious flight. The whole mystery was now at an end, and the twelve years' official career of this man, for whose "unimpeachable integrity" two lords-lieutenants had stood willing sponsors, was proved to have been one continued tissue of crime and imposture. The amount of public money which he had plundered by fraud and forgery does not exactly appear, but it must have been large—and the daring way in which he effected his pillage is not a little remarkable.

We have said that he was a shining light in a petty religious body. This was a sect describing itself as "Trinitarian Presbyterians, holding what are theologically called non-subscribing principles—that is, rejecting subscription to any creed, confession, catechism, or other formulary as a test or condition of admission into the ministerial office." This denomination, consisting only of a few scanty congregations, seems early to have presented itself to Chisholm as a convenient means for carrying on his robbery of the public, while he gratified at the same time his love of sactimonious display. In the end of the year 1839, by one stroke of his pen he called into being three missionaries of his sect laboring in the south of Ireland; while, by another stroke of the same ingenious instrument, he conferred on these aerial preachers the substantial benefit of a stipend of about 100*l.* a year. The stipend was voted by Parliament, and paid by the Irish government; but as the missionaries never had any existence except in the teeming brain of the Highland leather-seller, the reader will scarcely need to be informed into whose purse the stipend went. What Sydney Smith somewhat profanely fancied of the sideboard of a New Zealand bishop might be truly and literally affirmed of the table of Mr. Duncan Chisholm. He found missionaries to be indeed meat and drink to him—pocketing on this head alone, it would seem, somewhere about 500*l.* Emboldened by his success in the creation of a missionary-staff, the exemplary Mr. Chisholm next erected a presbytery. "The Presbytery of Munster," says the parliament paper, "was created, in 1840, into a separate body of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by Mr. Mathews, as a medium through which he contemplated appropriating to his own management and trust sundry funds be-

longing both to the government and the Presbyterian Church, as well as to carry out other fraudulent intentions." In these intentions he so far succeeded that he caused to be paid over from the public exchequer to the pretended agent of this new body a sum of 4220*l.*, which was lent out on mortgage, in the name of himself and one or two others, apparently his creatures. He had now a presbytery endowed by the state, and as he had formerly provided it with imaginary missionaries, so he now proceeded to endow it with imaginary libraries. By a stroke of his all-powerful pen he prevailed on parliament to grant the sum of 1599*l.* 13*s.*, for a "Presbyterian Congregational Fund Library," which never had any existence in this sublimary sphere. How the grant was spent is not clearly ascertained, but of course the inventor had his due share. One hundred pounds are shown to have gone in paying the expenses of Mr. Duncan Chisholm and his first spouse in a jaunt to London.

We cannot accompany the parliamentary paper any further in its exposure of the profligacy of this enormous rogue—his personation of dead men, his personification of men who never lived, his foisting his own relatives into the pension-list, his defrauding the deserving poor of their little pittance, his placing on one charitable fund "no less than thirty-two persons, all of whom, with a few exceptions, are or were members of the congregation of his own presbytery." Imperfect as is the outline which we have sketched, it may serve at least to point the twofold moral of this extraordinary history—to show, in the first place, the fatal facility with which the cloak of religious pretension can be assumed as a screen for the vilest rascality; and to demonstrate, in the second place, the necessity for an instant and thorough purgation of the subordinate offices of Dublin Castle. That such a monstrous and impudent system of deception as that daily practised by Duncan Chisholm should have escaped detection for more than a dozen years is a disgrace to the executive, and may be said to shake confidence in that very self-sufficient thing, the whole red-tapist system.

From Chambers' Journal.

LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ONE is not accustomed to contemplate this princess, with her romantic and tragic history, as a person of great industry. Yet that this must have been the fact, has been established beyond all question by those industrious investigators who have failed to establish what they originally set about—her innocence of any connection with the death of her husband, Darnley. That her guilty accession has been proved by the few who have taken up that side of the controversy it would be harsh and dogmatic to assert. Where there are so many zealous defenders ready to break a literary lance for her reputation with all comers, it were presumption to maintain that they are under a miserable delusion. Still those who are not enlisted by their enthusiasm in the cause are slow to admit that the evidence and arguments of the chivalrous counsel in defence of outraged beauty have been entirely successful—the question would lose all its romantic and exciting interest if they were. But one thing, as we have already said, and in itself a very interesting matter, they have been successful in proving—that the beautiful queen was a woman of great industry; we should also say of great talent and varied accomplish-

ment. Though living in an age when writing was no common qualification, and a command of the pen extremely rare, the letters from her already in print would have entitled her to be termed a prolific correspondent even in Horace Walpole's days. There are but few letters extant of her able and enterprising rival, Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps it may be said that she had other things to do, and little time to give to correspondence, while Mary had too much; but, on the other hand, poor Mary spent a long period of her life in durance, when she could only correspond by stealth and artifice, and had often to use the circuitous medium of a cipher. The extent to which, under all her difficulties, she managed to blacken paper, may be conceived by an inspection of the collection of her letters published at Paris in 1845 by the Russian prince, Alexander Labanoff.

The prince has proved himself the most truly disinterested and romantic of all her chivalrous champions, since even the vanity of literary distinction has not been courted by him, and he has been content to hunt the world for her letters, transcribe them, and accurately put them in type. In the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Advocates' Library, the archives of the Scottish Catholics; in the collection of several private gentlemen; in the archives and libraries of Paris, Rome, Vienna, Florence, and many others, did the prince gather the objects of his search; and the result was that he printed the "*Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart*," in seven well-filled octavo volumes—a goodly correspondence for one person to indite. Whatever expectations the minds of persons fresh from reading Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "*Abbot*" might form about anything connected with the romantic history of Queen Mary, the greater part of this collection is dull enough. Many of the letters are on business; and that they are chiefly written in antiquated French does not make them more inviting. Some of them are of course extremely interesting, as bearing on the more striking parts of her history; but, as a whole, the chief impression imparted by the collection is the notion we have already referred to of Queen Mary's industry. She appears to have had an active mind, ever desiring something to occupy itself upon. Quantities of needlework are shown as the work of her hands; and though much of it is perhaps spurious, there must have been a considerable portion of it genuine to set imitators at work. One letter, written when in captivity at Sheffield, shows an earnest hankering for occupation:—"I have nothing else to tell you except that all my exercise is to read and work in my chamber; and therefore I beseech you, since I have no other exercise, to take the trouble, in addition to the rest, for which I thank you, to send me as soon as you can four ounces more or less of the same crimson silk which you sent me some time ago, similar to the pattern which I send you. The safest way is to inquire for it at the same merchant's who provided you with the other. The silver is too thick: I beg you will choose it for me as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first conveyance, with eight ells of crimson taffeta for lining. If I have it not soon my work must stand still, for which I shall be very vexed, as what I am working is not for myself."*

The most interesting of Queen Mary's letters to inspect in autograph are certainly those which were written in extreme youth, and are contained in the

* Translation in Mr. Turnbull's selection from Prince Labanoff.

Balcarras Collection of Papers in the Advocates' Library. There are fourteen of these letters addressed to her mother—Mary of Guise, the queen-regent of Scotland. They have been pronounced by critical inquirers to be in the young queen's own handwriting, all except two, and they must have been all written ere she was fifteen years old. At what precise period of her life the earliest one may have been written it would be difficult to determine. Only two of them have dates: that of the earlier is 23d June, 1554. She was born on the 8th December, 1542. They are written with extreme clearness, each letter being finished by itself. Their form is the modern written hand known for a long time after her period as the Italian. Indeed, she must have been one of the first out of Italy who employed it; for a sort of corruption of the old Gothic form was used not only at that time, but for a century and a half later. There is no misreading her words, and any one with a tolerable knowledge of French will be able to make out her letters in their antiquated diction. The lines are long and straight, containing many words; and, on the whole, the letters of this young girl have a matured, almost manly air of systematic strength which is very remarkable. The signature, "*Marie*," is particularly large, square, and powerful. As an on-looker remarked, it was more like that of a surveyor of taxes or a messenger-at-arms than of an accomplished high-born female; but it has been long a practice to accustom royal personages, even of the gentler sex, to write a large, bold signature, as that of her present Majesty Victoria may testify. The letters of mere children are spoiled in translation, as their interest consists in the simple peculiarities of expression. In English, therefore, and to the English reader not very deeply versed in old French idioms, there is nothing very remarkable in these letters. One of the shortest may be thus rendered:—

"MADAM—I feel assured that the queen and my uncle the cardinal make you acquainted with all the news, and I am thus deterred from writing you at great length, or further than to beg you very humbly to hold me in your good grace. Madam, if it is your pleasure to increase my establishment with a groom of the chamber (*huissier de chambre*), I pray that it may be Ruffets, my groom of the hall, because he is a very good and old servant. I send you the letters which madam my grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord to give you with long health a happy life, your very humble and very obedient daughter,

MARIE.

"To the Queen, my Mother."

The address on the cover is in the same brief terms: "*A la Reyne, ma mere*." Royal letters went by special messengers, who knew well for whom they were intended without specifying the place. It was a peculiarity, too, especially in the letters of great personages, that the address should indicate nearly as distinctly the writer of the letter as the person it was sent to; so in the same volume there are letters from her uncle, Henry of Lorraine, with the address—in French of course—"To my good Sister, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland."

The short letter above quoted indicates an amiable feature in the young queen's character, which adhered to her to the last, and seemed to grow in her adversity—a kindness and concern for her dependents and adherents. From the Bishop of Ross to her "three Maries" she identified herself with the interests of those who were faithful to her—a

point very interestingly brought out by Sir Walter Scott. In the instances of Chatelar and Rizzio, this feeling became a weakness, which was the occasion of her worst calamities; but there is no doubt that it laid the foundation of the chivalrous devotion which procured her so many champions during her life, and vindicators of her memory after death.

Some of these letters are of considerable length. They generally bear on matters of family business, have little sprightliness or youthful carelessness, and are, on the whole, scarcely like the productions of so young a person. Nor do they seem to have been written by dictation or instruction, as they contain here and there the alterations and erasures which a letter-writer makes in changing the intention or expression. But the interest attached to them is not in their substance so much as in the associations connected with them, and the wonderful and melancholy history which passed over the writer between the bright dawn of hope in which they were penned and the darkness which closed over her in her latter days. History scarcely records an instance where, at an age so early, the prospects were so magnificent as those of the writer of these scraps. Queen of Scotland ere she was conscious of existence, she was acknowledged by nearly all Europe as the heiress of the throne of England, and it was generally believed that any opposition offered to her claims was a mere partial, factious attempt, that would blow over. Then she was betrothed to the king of France, and people naturally expected that this couple would be the parents of a line of monarchs ruling the greatest empire of the world. An accident at a mock tournament destroyed all these brilliant prospects, leaving the young queen only the comparatively poor, and the very factious and turbulent kingdom of Scotland. With her fate there every reader of history is acquainted.

The collection of documents in which these letters appear is an instance, like that of Sir James Balfour already noticed, of the importance of preserving the collections made by persons whose rank or official position has given them the means of procuring such documents. The Balcarrais Papers, bound up in nine thick volumes, were collected by John Lindsay of Menmuir, secretary of state to James VI., who died in 1598. He was a clergyman and a judge, and appears to have been a man of some scientific acquirements: for he was appointed master of the metals, the king having noticed "his travellis in seeking out and discovering of dyvers metallis of great valor within this realme, and in sending to England, Germanie, and Denmark to gett the perfeite essey and knowlidge thairof." He was for some time ambassador in France, and it was probably when holding this office that he enriched his collection. An interesting account of Lord Menmuir will be found in Lord Lindsay's "Lives of the Lindsays." The papers collected by him were very liberally made over to the Advocates' Library by Colin, Earl of Balcarrais, in 1712. For upwards of a century they lay a shapeless mass, little known, and it was only when they were arranged and bound up in volumes that their rich contents were really appreciated. They are more interesting to the students of French than of English history, containing many letters from the Lorraine family, including the celebrated cardinal, the Orleans, and other branches of the royal family—the Constable Montmorency, Diana of Poitiers, and other personages.

From the Examiner.

The History of Mary, Queen of Scots. By F. A. MIGNET, Member of the Institute, and of the French Academy. Two vols. Vol. I. Bentley.

M. MIGNET's book (of which the first volume is now before us in a very elegant translation) owes its existence to Prince Labanoff's collection of Mary Stuart's letters. It is the substance of a series of papers upon that extraordinary work published originally in the *Journal des Savants*, and now recast in a continuous form. But M. Mignet had obtained access to original documents, (chiefly the despatches of the Spanish embassies in England, France, and Rome,) which even Prince Labanoff had not explored; and has thus been able to give an original character to his narrative, while investing it with the well-known graces of his style. Judging from this volume, (for we have not seen the original,) we are disposed to rank it among the happier of M. Mignet's efforts. It is an excellent specimen of condensed yet clear historical writing. Leading incidents stand out boldly, and no essential facts are omitted, yet there is no excess of details. Similarly, motives are discriminated, and doubtful questions cleared, while we are spared the fatigue of elaborate disquisition. For the condensed yet forcible brevity of his notes, M. Mignet is particularly to be commended. After all, it may be said that this book is little more than a sketch—but it is a most valuable one and full of interest.

Its most marked peculiarity we have yet to mention. With more materials before him than any previous biographer, M. Mignet has had to contend with fewer prejudices of his own. At the outset of his book he claims to be considered as neither apologist nor traducer of his heroine, and on the whole we think that he must be held to have kept his word. Neither as Catholic nor as Protestant, neither as Scotchman nor as Englishman, does he sit in judgment on poor Mary's history. He views the chequered scenes of her career with an impartiality as far removed from harshness as from indulgence—and may perhaps be pronounced her first unbiased biographer. It is right at the same time to add that this historic coldness of temperament does not always enable M. Mignet to judge quite fairly the difficulties under which both parties (but particularly the Protestant) labored at particular times; and perhaps it stops short now and then of the compassionate consideration which would best explain some points of Mary's own conduct. Indeed, it seems as though it were a necessary ingredient in the truly tragic interest of the history of Mary Stuart, that the final mystery of her conduct and its motives should never be completely cleared away. Were we sure of her entire guilt, the terrible catastrophe might move us little; were we as sure of her entire innocence, it would be too shocking to contemplate. Either way perhaps the tragedy is better as it stands.

But we must not hesitate to say that M. Mignet's calm judgment depresses the balance more heavily against her than we remember in any previous instance. In that of Prince Labanoff, (who after fourteen years' labor of research added more than four hundred of her own original and inedited letters to the materials for her history,) the desire to exculpate her was so strong, yet the means of inculcation generally so abundant, that the effort resolved itself into representing her throughout as having been the hapless victim of the first bitter

conflict between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. This no doubt in some material points she was, but hardly to the extent which led Prince Labanoff, in equal tenderness to Elizabeth, to charge Mary's death exclusively to the account of the English Reform party. M. Mignet is nearer the truth in making the opposite party, (far more powerful at the time than English historians are prone to admit,) and their plans for Elizabeth's dethronement which they undertook in Mary's name, more directly responsible for the tragedy of Fotheringay. But in this we anticipate M. Mignet's second volume. The volume before us conducts us only to the commencement of her English captivity; as to all the events immediately preceding which, including Darnley's murder, M. Mignet holds the belief of her complicity.

This belief becomes more weighty from the fact of the little countenance he gives to the preceding slanders, and the large allowance he is manifestly inclined to make for the peculiarities of her position and temptations. "We know what's done, but know not what's resisted." She had been educated in all the license of a voluptuous court, and was suddenly thrown into the midst of the sour and intractable poverty of Scotland—she was filled from top to toe with all the strongest prejudices of the Roman Catholic faith, yet never did "apostolic blows and knocks" descend so heavily on the strongest mailed man as on this frail and passionate-hearted woman. Nor was the character of the nobles within her palace less dangerous or barbarous than that of the reforming preachers without its gates. Knox's indecent railery and brutal revilings were more than matched by the duplicity of a Murray, and the savage ferocity of a Morton.

Let us show her in the court where her first impressions were received.

The mental and personal attractions of Mary Stuart were early developed. She was tall and beautiful. Her eyes beamed with intelligence and sparkled with animation. She had the most elegantly-shaped hands in the world. Her voice was sweet, her appearance noble and graceful, and her conversation brilliant. She early displayed those rare charms which were destined to make her an object of universal admiration, and which rendered even her infancy seductive. She had been brought up with the daughters of Catherine de Medici, and under the superintendence of the learned Margaret of France, the sister of Henry II., the protectress of Michel de l'Hôpital, and who subsequently married the Duke of Savoy. The court, in the midst of which Mary Stuart had grown up, was then the most magnificent, the most elegant, the most joyous, and, we must add, one of the most lax, in Europe. Still retaining certain military customs of the middle ages, and at the same time conforming to the intellectual usages of the time of the *renaissance*, it was half chivalric and half literary—mingling tournaments with studies, hunting with erudition, mental achievements with bodily exercises, the ancient and rough games of skill and strength with the novel and delicate pleasures of the arts.

Nothing could equal the splendor and vivacity which Francis I. had introduced into his court by attracting thither all the principal nobility of France, by educating as pages therein young gentlemen from all the provinces, by adorning it with nearly two hundred ladies belonging to the greatest families in the kingdom, and by establishing it sometimes in the splendid palaces of Fontainebleau and St. Germain, which he had either built or beautified, on the banks of the Seine, and sometimes in the spacious castles of Blois and Amboise, which his predecessors had inhabited, on the banks of the Loire. A careful imitator

of his father's example, Henry II. kept up the same magnificence at his court, which was presided over with as much grace as activity by the subtle Italian, Catherine de Medici, whose character had been formed by Francis I., who had admitted her into the *petite bande de ses dames favorites*, with whom he used to hunt the stag, and frequently sport with alone in his pleasure-houses! The men were constantly in the company of the women; the queen and her ladies were present at all the games and amusements of Henry II. and his gentlemen, and accompanied them in the chase. The king, on his part, together with the noblemen of his retinue, used to pass several hours every morning and evening in the apartments of Catherine de Medici. "There," says Brantôme, "there was a host of human goddesses, some more beautiful than the others; every lord and gentleman conversed with her whom he loved the best; whilst the king talked to the queen, his sister, the dauphiness (Mary Stuart) and the princesses, together with those lords and princes who were seated nearest to him." As the kings themselves had avowed mistresses, they were desirous that their subjects should follow their example. "And if they did not do so," says Brantôme, "they considered them coxcombs and fools." Francis I. had taken as his mistresses, alternately, the Countess de Chateaubriand and the Duchess d'Etampes; and Henry II. was the chivalrous and the devoted servant of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, Diana of Poitiers. But besides their well-known amours, they had other intrigues; and Francis I., in his unblushing licentiousness, prided himself on training the ladies who arrived at his court. His second in this work of debauchery and corruption was Mary Stuart's uncle, the opulent and libertine Cardinal of Lorraine. Such was the court which furnished Brantôme with the majority of those examples which he has commemorated in his *Dames Galantes*, and of the laxity of which we may form some conception from the following verses, addressed to a lady by Henry II.'s own almoner, the poet Mellin de Saint-Gelais:—

Si du parti de celle voulez être
Par qui Vénus de la cour est bannie,
Moi, de son fils ambassadeur et prêtre,
Savoir vous fais qu'il vous excommunie.
Mais si voulez à leur foy être unie,
Mettre vous faut le cœur en leur puissance
Pour répondant de votre obéissance;
Car on leur dit qu'en vous, mes demoiselles,
Sans gage sûr, y a peu de fiancé,
Et que d'Amour n'avez rien que les ailes.

It was in this school of elegance and depravity, which produced kings so witty and vicious, and princesses so amiable and dissipated, that Mary Stuart received her education.

Then came her first marriage and its melancholy widowhood—thus tersely characterized by M. Mignet:—

Thus, the marriage which had just been dissolved by death had yielded Mary Stuart no advantage, and produced none but evil effects. In Scotland it had weakened the monarchy by causing the absence of the royal authority. It had united the nobility, and given the predominance to their disorderly government. It had secured the triumph of the Protestant Reformation, and added to the evils which sprang from feudal turbulence those which could not fail to issue from a religious democracy, disposed to disobey their prince, under the pretext of obeying God. It had rendered the French alliance as odious as it had formerly been courted, and restored the English influence which had previously been so pertinaciously repulsed. When Mary Stuart became once more the Queen of Scotland only, she found her nobility accustomed to rebellion, and in possession of the supreme power; her kingdom allied against her wish to a

neighboring and long hostile state; and her people professing a different religion from her own. Habits, power, politics, creed—all wore a threatening aspect.

Nor is the effect (political as well as personal) of her second and more miserable marriage, less happily discriminated. M. Mignet deals his blows impartially to both queens.

The marriage put an end to the cordial union of the two queens, which for four years had been based upon reciprocal hopes which, in both cases, had been deceived. Elizabeth had urged the ratification of the treaty of Edinburgh, but had failed to induce Mary to comply with her wish; and Mary had claimed the recognition of her right to the succession of England, but had not been able to obtain it from Elizabeth. With the animosity which thus arose between the two queens, hostilities between the two kingdoms could not fail to recommence.

The faults, we must confess, were not on Mary's side; they must all be attributed to Elizabeth. This crafty, proud, mistrustful and imperious princess endeavored to guide Mary without satisfying her requirements, and to isolate her from every one else without binding her strongly to herself. She was desirous that the queen should not marry either a continental prince, who would have rendered her too powerful, or an English subject, who would have gained for her the succession to the throne of England, or a member of the Royal Houses of Tudor and Stuart, who would have prepared the way for the union of the two crowns; so she opposed Don Carlos, rejected the Archduke Charles, refused Leicester, and would have denied Darnley. She might have married to any one she pleased, if she had consented to appoint her heir. By not doing so, she condemned herself to a policy of vigilance, intrigue, rivalry, treachery, and conflict. To be incessantly framing plots in Scotland, and frequently foiling them in England; to foment civil war in the kingdom of her neighbor, and repress or prevent it in her own dominions—such was the course which she was forced to pursue from 1565, to 1586 a period of more than twenty years.

On the other hand, Mary Stuart beheld the course of her mournful destiny, which had been temporarily suspended, renewed by this reasonable but fatal marriage. She was compelled to break with her brother, the ambitious Earl of Murray, who had been her prudent counsellor ever since her return from France, and had secured for her the internal tranquillity of her kingdom, peace with England, the obedience of her turbulent nobility, and the confidence, or, at least, the submission of the Presbyterian party. She was about to return to her old inclinations, to resume her connection with her uncles, the greatest of whom, Duke Francis of Guise, had been assassinated not long before, to come to an understanding with the King of Spain and the Sovereign Pontiff, to favor the Catholics, alarm the Protestants, alienate the English, and finally be wrecked upon the quicksands of her authority and reputation.

The change from France to Scotland is thus marked—

Although she feared that she might be intercepted by the cruisers which Elizabeth had sent to sea, she arrived without accident in the Frith of Forth, after a passage of five days. A thick fog which arose on the evening before her arrival, kept from view the little fleet which was bringing her back to her kingdom, and which had cast anchor at no great distance from the shore. This fog cleared up on the morning of the 19th of August, and Mary Stuart entered the harbor of Leith before she was expected. As soon as the news of her arrival became known, the people flocked from all quarters to welcome her, and the nobility hastened to conduct her to Edinburgh, to the palace of her an-

cestors. This cordial reception touched, but did not rejoice her heart. She could not refrain from instituting a mournful comparison between the poverty of the wild country to which she had returned after an absence of thirteen years, and the magnificence of the court in which the happy days of her childhood and youth had been spent. A palfrey had been provided for her, but the noblemen and ladies of her retinue were forced to be contented with small mountain ponies, "such as they were," says Brantôme, "and harnessed to match." "At sight of them," he adds, "the queen began to weep, and to say that this was not like the pomp, the splendor, and the trappings of the superb horses of France." She proceeded with this humble cortège to Holyrood Palace. During the evening, the citizens of Edinburgh came beneath her windows to play on their three-stringed violins, and sing psalms in demonstration of their joy at her return. The sound of their discordant music, and the hymns of a creed which she deemed gloomy and heretical, added to the melancholy impressions experienced by Mary Stuart on returning to a country where she felt she was a stranger, whose manner she had not adopted, and whose faith she no longer shared.

We find another good example of M. Mignet's manner of compressing and rejecting, in what he presents to us of the two famous interviews between Mary and John Knox.

Mary next desired to see Knox, and, perhaps, hoped to mollify him, and attach him to herself. In an interview which she had with him, she discussed the duties of the Christian and the subject. She pointed out to him, that, in his book against female government, he excited nations to rebel against their rulers; and she advised him to treat with greater charity those who differed from him in matters of religious belief. "If, madam," said Knox, "to rebuke idolatry, and to persuade the people to worship God according to his Word, be to raise subjects against their princes, I cannot stand excused, for so have I acted; but, if the true knowledge of God and his right worship, lead all good subjects (as they assuredly do) to obey the prince from their heart, then who can reprehend me?" He then professed his willingness to live in all contentment under her majesty's government, so long as the blood of the saints was not shed; and he maintained, that, in religion, subjects were bound to follow, not the will of their prince, but the commands of their Creator. "If," said he, "all men in the days of the Apostles should have been compelled to follow the religion of the Roman Emperors, where would have been the Christian faith?" The queen, drawing a judicious distinction between conscientious dissent and rebellious insurrection, replied, "But these men did not resist." "And yet," answered Knox, "they who obey not the commandment may virtually be said to resist." "Nay," rejoined Mary, "they did not resist with the sword." "That," said Knox, "was simply because they had not the power." At this candid and bold declaration that power conferred the right of insurrection, and that weakness was the only reason for submission to princes, Mary Stuart exclaimed in astonishment, "What! do you maintain, that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" The fanatical reformer, who considered that the state should be subordinate to religion, did not hesitate to adopt these consequences of his theory. "Most assuredly, madam," he replied, "if princes exceed their bounds." Then, comparing sovereigns who, in their blind zeal, would persecute the children of God, to a father who, struck with madness, should attempt to slay his own children, whose duty it would be to bind and disarm him, Knox continued, "Therefore, to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into

prison till they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because it agreeth with the word of God." Mary was utterly amazed. A doctrine so subversive of all authority, which made subjects judges of the obedience which they owed to their rulers, and which authorized them to revolt at the instigation of their spiritual leaders, filled her with alarm. She pictured to herself the terrible future which was reserved for her, a Catholic Queen, in the midst of these haughty and insubordinate Protestants, with their stern and fanatical ministers. She had no strength to answer, for she felt reply was useless. She fell into a melancholy silence, and "stood as it were amazed, for more than a quarter of an hour."

And now for David Rizzio—here called (we presume more correctly) Riccio. He is thus described:—

David Riccio, who was in the pay of the Pope, and was the principal agent of the Catholic party, strongly advised the queen to act implacably towards the exiles, and to plunge into the perilous path of a religious restoration. This young Italian, who had acquired so much importance in Scotland, and who was destined soon to meet with so tragical a fate, had come to Edinburgh during the month of December, 1562, at about twenty-eight years of age. He came thither as *cameriere* in the suite of the Savoy ambassador, the Count of Moretto. He was a man of great intelligence, and possessed a more cultivated mind than was usual among the rough retainers of the Scottish court; he was, moreover, an agreeable musician, and the queen kept him as a *valet de chambre*, when the Count of Moretto returned to Piedmont. Mary Stuart was endowed with a great taste for music, and had organized a band to play on the violin, lute, and flute, for her amusement; she had also three singers in her pay, with whom Riccio was sometimes joined, as he had a good bass voice. Finding that he was fully qualified for some higher office than that of a valet, she appointed him her private secretary, in December, 1564, on the dismissal of Raullet. "He succeeded so well in this employment," says the Tuscan ambassador in a despatch addressed to Duke Cosmo I., "that the greater part of the affairs of this kingdom passed through his hands. He managed them with so much prudence, and brought them to so satisfactory a conclusion, that he was greatly beloved by her majesty." It was he who had advised and effected her marriage with Darnley; it was he whose views, in conformity with Mary's opinions, tended to draw closer the connection between the Queen of Scotland, the Pope, and the King of Spain; and thus to separate her from England and effect a rupture with the Protestant party. He assumed great state in his dress, equipage, and establishment; and the extreme favor with which he was treated, rendered him arrogant and presumptuous. The relation in which he stood to the queen, and the ascendancy which he had acquired over her, were very injurious to Mary's reputation. Thus Elizabeth, speaking to the French ambassador about Murray's proscription, said, "That it was all owing to an Italian named David, whom the Queen of Scotland loved and favored, and granted more credit and authority than were authorized by her affairs and honor."

Often as this unhappy favorite's death has been painted with pen and pencil, we find new touches in M. Mignet's account; and with this, if our space had permitted, we would have given its parallel in horror, the death scene of Darnley—where the reader would also recognize points not given in former narratives. But we must refrain from further extract till the entire work is before us.

This first volume closes on the eve of those long

years of captivity which Mary's admirers may contemplate with the least pain. Through those eighteen weary years, up to the day when, in premature old age, with gray hairs, deprived of all her loveliness, and scarcely able to walk a dozen steps, she was summoned suddenly from a sick bed to mount a scaffold, Mary Stuart at least conducted herself with acknowledged spirit and fortitude. We shall see what M. Mignet has to say, in his concluding volume, of her complicity during those years in the treasons of her friends against Elizabeth; but there are not many readers who would be disposed to judge her harshly in this respect, even supposing the guilt to be proved.

From the Spectator.

MIGNET'S HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE sex, the fascinations, and the misfortunes of Mary Stuart, as well as the probable influence of her deposition, imprisonments, and death, in shaking the superstitious reverence for authority and originating the modern democracy, have attracted more attention to her story than to that of any modern or even ancient monarch. Mary has not, like her prototype Cleopatra, been depicted by Shakespeare, but she has been the theme of more poets and romancists than any other historical personage; her history has been treated by authors of every cast and calibre; the documents professing to illustrate it surpass any collection on any other historical subject, where the events were not patent to the world at the time of their occurrence or recorded in public muniments; the controversies respecting her guilt or innocence only yield in number to those on the authorship of Junius.

To the histories M. Mignet has added another work, which originated in a series of papers published in the *Journal des Savans* during the years 1847-1850; Prince Labanoff's vast collection of documents being taken as the basis or book reviewed. The articles are now recast as a continuous narrative; and this narrative derives its main characteristic from being the last. The author has availed himself of the latest materials which modern industry has brought to light upon the subject, and added some information of his own, derived from inedited Spanish documents. These relate to different subjects reported to the Spanish Court; but their chief novelty regards the negotiations for the marriage between Mary and the unfortunate Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second of Spain. The book thus contains the pith of all the new information upon Mary's career, and of the evidence against or in favor of her character.

The historian's conclusions on this vexed question are put forth with a calmness approaching to indifference, but with the decision of a judgment or a verdict. Mary's imprudence and levity before her marriage with Darnley, her adultery with Bothwell, her probable complicity in her husband's murder, and her connivance at Bothwell's abduction, are rather received as evident than treated as matters requiring argument to prove. Her alleged guilt with Rizzio and some other mean persons is left unsettled, though the charges are stated. No new weight, however, will be attached to Mignet's opinions by Mary's thorough partisans, because M. Mignet receives as valid the evidence which they impugn—as the letters and verses found in the celebrated casket.

The utility of the work when completed will con

sist in its presenting a full account of Mary's life drawn up from all the now known documents, by a philosophical foreigner, who, if not so entirely free from "prepossession" as he claims to be, is yet not so biased as native writers, many of whom form their judgment on Mary Queen of Scots less from evidence than party feeling. The literary merit of the work consists in a clearly flowing, sustained narrative, quiet without weakness; in impressing subjects distinctly upon the reader by fixing the attention on single but important points; and in leading to a just estimate of Mary's political character, by pointing out the difficulties of her position, at any critical time, and noting how much of her conduct was owing to fate or fortune and how much to herself. Like several of his countrymen, M. Mignet quotes freely from contemporary documents; which sometimes gives an air of quaint reality, but sometimes, by the minuteness, is injurious to breadth and force of effect. We would instance Robertson's description of Darnley's murder, and of Mary's captivity after the affair of Carberry Hill, to be compared with Mignet's story of the same events, as examples of what we mean.

This remark applies to actions where the narrative should partake of the color of the event—as the suddenness and mystery of Darnley's murder. In what may be called intellectual questions, of course the words of the parties themselves convey character and truth—such as this account of Knox's interview with Mary in relation to the Spanish match.

These negotiations were not conducted so mysteriously that no rumor of them reached the ears of the Protestant ministers. These became alarmed at the proposed marriage of their queen with a Catholic prince; and Knox, according to his custom, made it the subject of public remonstrance. In an address to the Protestant nobility, he warned them of the dangers which threatened them, and said, "I hear of the queen's marriage. Dukes, brethren to emperors and kings, strive all for the best gain. But this, my lords, will I say, note the day, and bear witness hereafter. Whenever the nobility of Scotland, who profess the Lord Jesus, consent that an infidel (and all Papists are infidels) shall be head to our Sovereign, ye do as far as in you lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realm, and to bring God's vengeance on the country."

The queen was very indignant at this language, and notwithstanding the uselessness of her previous remonstrances, she summoned Knox again before her. She upbraided him with his ingratitude and temerity. She told him that she had used every effort to please and satisfy him, but that she had obtained no return of kindness from his untractable nature. She then burst out against him for having dared to discuss her marriage, with which he had nothing to do; and finally bade him beware of her vengeance. Knox replied, that in the pulpit he was not master of himself, but must obey His commands who ordered him "to speak plain, and flatter no flesh"; that his vocation was neither to visit the courts of princes nor the chambers of ladies. "I grant it so," answered the queen; "but what have you to do with my marriage, or what are you within the commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same," said the undaunted reformer; "and albeit, madam, neither baron, lord, nor belted earl, yet hath God made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a useful and profitable member. As such, it is my duty, as much as that of any one of the nobility, to forewarn the people of danger; and, therefore, what I have said in public, I here repeat to your own face. Whenever the nobility of this realm shall be so far forget themselves as to consent that you shall be subject to an unlawful husband, they do as much

as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish the truth, betray the freedom of the realm, and, perchance, may be but cold friends to yourself." The queen, no longer able to restrain her anger, commanded him to leave her presence. As he passed through the ante-chambers, in which were assembled a number of young ladies of the royal household, gayly dressed and talking merrily together, he apostrophized them with bitter irony. "Ah, fair ladies," he said, "how pleasant were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with this gear! But, fie on that knave, Death, that will come whether ye will or not; and when he hath laid on the arrest, then foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and this silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targating, pearl, nor precious stones."

The part which the Jesuits had in shaking kingly authority and advancing a democratic spirit, by writing against princes to whom they were opposed, has been broadly noted. Perhaps the similar effects which the Scotch reformed preachers in their pulpits and their writings, and the nobility in their different assemblies, produced on the same subjects, but in a more constitutional and practical way, has not received so much attention. Yet the seeds of resistance to her grandson Charles, which ended in his trial and death, three-quarters of a century later, as well as of the final expulsion of the Stuarts by the regular vote of Parliament in 1688, were probably sown at Edinburgh when the lords resolved to compel the abdication of Mary, or to try her for her life.

The queen's obstinate determination not to desert Bothwell, alarmed and irritated the Lords of the Secret Council. They resolved to preclude the possibility of her doing them any future injury, by deposing her. This deposition was prepared under the form of a voluntary abdication, which would deprive her of power without degrading her. Three acts were accordingly drawn up for Mary Stuart's signature. By the first, she renounced the government of the kingdom, declaring that it was a burthen of which she was weary, and which she no longer had strength or will to bear; and authorized the immediate coronation of her son. The second and third conferred the regency on the Earl of Murray, during the minority of the young king; and appointed the Duke of Chatelherault, with the Earls of Lennox, Argyle, Morton, Athol, Glencairn, and Mar, regents of the kingdom till the return of Murray from France, with power to continue in that high office if he refused it. In case Mary Stuart should refuse to sign these acts, the assembled lords had determined to prosecute and condemn her for these three crimes: "first, for the breach of their laws; secondly, for incontinency, as well with the Earl of Bothwell as with others; and, thirdly, for the murder of her husband, whereof, they say, they have as apparent proof against her as may be, as well by the testimony of her own handwriting as also by sufficient witnesses."

On the morning of the 25th of July, the ferocious Lindsay and the insinuating Melvil left Edinburgh on their way to Lochleven. One was the bearer of the three acts which were to strip her of her authority; the other was directed to warn the queen of the dangers to which she would expose herself by refusing to sign them. Melvil saw her first, and told her all. That a public trial would be substituted for an abdication, that the hostility of the lords towards her would become implacable, that her defamation would be certain and the loss of her crown inevitable, and that her life would probably be endangered, were some of the consequences which Melvil assured Mary Stuart would result from refusal; whilst he did not

fail to insinuate, on the other hand, that any deed signed in captivity, and under fear of her life would be invalid. He did not, however, succeed in convincing her. The royal prisoner found it a hard and humiliating thing thus to condemn and depose herself, and she passionately declared that she would sooner renounce her life than her crown. But the dangers by which she was threatened had shaken her firmness of mind, and she passed from expressions of generous courage to demonstrations of timid depression. She was still wavering between submission and resistance when Lindsay entered with the three acts of the Secret Council. He placed them silently before the queen, and presented them for her signature. Mary Stuart, as if terrified by his presence, took the pen without uttering a single word, and, with eyes filled with tears and a trembling hand, put her name to the papers. Lindsay then compelled Thomas Sinclair to affix the privy seal beside the royal signature, notwithstanding his protest that, as the queen was in ward, her resignation was ineffectual.

The crowning of James the Sixth may be taken as a conclusion to this part of the singular drama, the final denouement of which will be narrated in another volume; for although the present comes down to the battle of Langside and Mary's escape into England, the stirring action of this part terminates with the deposition of the queen and the crowning of her son.

But these reasons and menaces (of Elizabeth) neither persuaded nor intimidated the Scottish lords. They boldly carried out their designs, and, in company with many members of the Parliament, repaired to Stirling on the day appointed for the coronation. The ceremony took place with great solemnity in the High Church of the city. In the procession, Athol bore the crown, Morton the sceptre, and Glencairn the sword, whilst Mar carried the infant prince in his arms into the church. After the deeds of resignation by the queen had been read, and Lindsay and Ruthven had sworn that Mary's demission was her own free act, Morton, laying his hand upon the Gospels, took the oaths on behalf of the new monarch, James VI. The Bishop of Orkney then crowned the baby king; the lords swore allegiance, placing their hands on his head; and Knox inaugurated his stormy reign by a sermon. This revolution, which had been entirely accomplished by a few of the nobility, whose supremacy it insured during the long minority of a sovereign only thirteen months old, met with the hearty concurrence of the people; who manifested their joy by bonfires, dances and illuminations. It encountered no opposition in any part of the kingdom; which the leaders of the confederates continued to govern until the return of Murray, who had been informed without delay of his appointment as Regent of Scotland.

From Graham's Magazine.

ODE TO THE SEA.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

VAIN would it be
To summon from the grave Time's first-born year
Thine age to tell, oh, hoary Sea!
Or vainer still to question thee:
For in thy voice alone I hear
ETERNITY! ETERNITY!

Before ethereal light's first dawn—
Ere earth's primeval day was born—
The evening and the morn—
"God's spirit moved upon the waters' face:"
Had they eternally in darkness rolled—
Filling the universal space,
And unto reigning Night their mysteries told?
Oh, how omnipotent that voice

Which from the land divided thee—
Which said, "Here stayed let thy proud billows
be!"

And how did they rejoice
When light from ebon darkness first
In its full glory on them burst!
How did thy caverns, yawning sea,
Reverberate with hoarse astonishment,
When breathing life was through them sent—
When finny tribes glided there gracefully,
Exulting in their native element;
Or spouting monsters first were made,
That all the watery realms as monarchs swayed!

Stupendous mountains from thy shores upreared—
Majestic rivers were through valleys sent,
And mighty cataracts thundering went
O'er rocks, whose jutting peaks like towers appeared,
Mysterious forests moved unto the wind,
As sway to unseen powers thy waves,
And dismal as thy secret caves
Were labyrinths under arching boughs entwined;
Ay, all created things were great as "good,"
And yet, on all, save thee,
Was "the BEGINNING" written—while the flood
Spake audibly its own ETERNITY!

And beautiful were hills and vales,
And lakelets sleeping 'neath the cloudless blue,
And groves stirred gently by the summer gales,
And flower-enamelled fields of every hue;
But nothing in the six days' work was made
In wonderment to equal thee—
Thou preëxistent sea!
In which all charms of nature were displayed,
Each reigning in God's chosen time—
The beautiful, the tranquil, the sublime.

Creation now is old—
Ages on ages since its birth,
Like thy successive tides have rolled,
Sweeping off nations from the earth;
But chronicled on history's page
Is every buried age!
Whilst thou, unchronicled, dost never deign
To keep with time a reckoning, peerless Main!

What are to thee
The millions that have perished in thy flood—
The navies that have dyed thy breast with blood,
Remorseless sea?

The broken hearts that weep upon thy shore
For lost ones, which in vain their tears deplore—
For treasures that thy depths will not restore?

What is the wealth of life, or shining dust,
That venturous man to thee doth trust,
When once in reckless wrath
Thou challengest the winds of heaven?
They to thy monster jaws are given,
While on thy trackless waves they leave no path.

Thou overwhelming Sea!
That unto the bereaved a terror art,
Dost plaintive language speak to me—
Softening my inner heart;
I hear an undertone—
A low, complaining moan,
From far beneath the surface sent
Between thy bursts of boisterous merriment:
Such music ever on thy shore
The poet's soul may hear—
Tones thought-suggesting lingering in his ear;
Or scenes of beauty, changing evermore,
His sight entrance
As sunset's glance
Crimsons thy far-stretched surface o'er:
Or as fair Morning's opening eyes
Thy waters tinge with saffron dyes;
Or Dian's beams across thy wave
A pathway of pure silver pave:

And, oh, when in their stormy majesty
Thy free, wild billows tower above control,
How the sublimest sense of poetry
O'erpowers the soul!

Thou solemn, ever-sounding Sea!
Still, as I linger, at thy side,
I hear that word, ETERNITY,
From every swelling tide:
God only knows thy ancient date—
He keeps the records of thy fate;
And though thou heedest not man's trump of fame,
And with one wave
Canst wash from off the sands of time his name,
And hide from sight his grave;
There is a trumpet that will summon thee
To yield thy hoarded dead, sepulchral Sea!
And when the angel of all time shall stand
"One foot on sea and one on land,"
Thy waves will tremble to their farthest shore
As sounds his oath, that "*Time shall be no more.*"
Turin, Italy, March, 1851.

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVERTISEMENT DUTIES.

It will be learned, through the public channels of information, that there has been a careful and lengthened investigation by a committee of the House of Commons respecting the stamp duty on newspapers. In the evidence taken on this interesting subject there appears to have been some curious information furnished by the manager of the "Times." He mentioned that the "Times" proprietary had paid 66,000*l.* last year, the average circulation of the paper per day being 39,000 copies; and that the supplement attached to this large number was actually too great to pay. He goes on to say:—"The value of the supplement consists of advertisements, and those advertisements pay a certain sum, of course to the proprietors; that sum is fixed; it is the same on a small impression as it would be on 100,000. As the sum which is paid for paper, printing, and so on, fluctuates, and is increased by the amount of circulation, of course there is a certain point at which the two sums balance each other. Suppose that the value of the advertisements in the supplement was 200*l.*, you would know that you could publish as many papers as would cost 200*l.* to manufacture in paper, stamps, and printing, and if you go beyond that you publish at a loss; that is, of course, obvious. The greater the circulation the greater the loss, beyond a certain limit." It was asked, "Do you not mean that the profit is less?" To which the manager replied, "No; the greater the absolute loss from a circulation beyond a point at which the expenditure and receipts balance each other." He repeated, "an absolute loss;" and he made the point clear, beyond all possibility of mistake, by taking the instance of the very day before he gave his evidence—namely, May 27—when the value of the advertisements in the supplement precisely balanced the expenditure on the paper, and the printing of further copies was stopped. The government charges paid that day by the "Times," in the shape of direct taxation, for that one publication, amounted to 395*l.*! Again, he says: "I have no doubt in the world that, if there were no considerations beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, that it would double itself within a couple of years;" and at present

from ten to twelve columns of advertisements are excluded daily from the "Times" for want of room notwithstanding the supplement.

To compare small things with great—the position of the "Times" may be said to illustrate our own inability to accept advertisements for our pages. We are occasionally advised to extend the size of our sheet, or issue a supplement, so as to afford space for advertisements "which would be so very profitable." The truth being that the expense for paper and printing of our impression—from 60,000 to 70,000 copies—goes far beyond what could be realized by any charge for advertisements. The thing, therefore, is practically impossible. Latterly, however, to meet a very general call, we have begun to print an Advertising Sheet, which is done up with our Monthly Parts. As these parts use up about 35,000 copies of the impression, there is a system of advertising so far in connection with our circulation, although the cost to advertisers is necessarily high. Should any modification take place in the fiscal burdens affecting the press, it will be for us to consider how far any improvements of an acceptable nature may be made on "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

A LARGE BOOK CONCERN.—The Harpers' book concern, already one of the largest in the world, is being further enlarged by an addition of another building, on Pearl street, (connecting in the rear with the principal establishment in Cliff street,) 45 by 100 feet, and five stories high. Among other improvements to be introduced, will be an apparatus for drying paper by steam—a process hitherto used, we believe, in but one establishment, in Edinburgh, Scotland. There are already employed in the establishment about 400 hands, whose wages exceed \$10,000 per month.

In the composing rooms are 40 hands, who are frequently engaged upon eighteen or twenty works at one time. In the stereotype foundry 13 hands are employed, turning out more than 700 plates per week. Between 50,000 and 60,000 lbs. of metal are consumed yearly in this establishment. In the copper and steel-plate printing room, are 9 hands and 8 presses—each of the latter averaging 700 impressions per day. The press-room contains 20 Adams' power presses, and 2 hand presses, which are kept constantly running. Each power press averages 5,000 impressions per day. 45 hands are employed in working them. Eight new power presses are to be put in the new building. 50 girls are employed in the sewing rooms, and 100 girls in folding, pressing, and drying the sheets.

There are in the bindery, 45 hands. Some of the principal expenditures in this department, are—for gold leaf, \$4,000 per year; leather, \$6,000; muslin, \$4,500; pasteboards, \$3,500; eggs, (used in sizing,) \$200. The cuttings from the edges of the books in process of binding, amount to eighteen tons per annum, which are sold to the paper-makers.

The vaults for stereotype plates (subterranean, to ensure the safety of their contents in case of fire) are very extensive, comprising 4,305 feet of shelving.

Eight large rooms are required for the sale, storing and delivering of books, in which 13 clerks, salesmen, &c., are employed. Of this number, four are sons of members of the firm.

The motive power is supplied by a 50 horse power engine, driven by a powerful boiler. The annual sales have been estimated at over 2,000,000 volumes, including pamphlets. The annual cost of paper consumed, is about \$150,000. There are kept constantly on hand about 7,000 reams.—*Journal of Commerce.*

From the Spectator.

BODENSTEDT'S MORNING-LAND.*

THE author of these volumes passed several years in the Caucasian range and the regions adjacent, studying the "ethnographical, statistical, and historical relations, civil and military, of the countries between the Black and Caspian Seas." Upon these grave subjects Dr. Bodenstein has published some scientific works, but he reserved his poetical impressions and lighter topics for the ears of his friends. During the last days of October, 1848, he found himself in Vienna, at the thickest of the combat, when he who ventured into the streets was liable to be shot by the imperialists or pressed by the republicans, and a house was not much safer from the chances of the bombs. At this crisis, several friends were assembled one evening in Bodenstein's house; but their minds were too distracted for conversation; "every moment was broken in upon by the noise of the artillery or by the rolling of the drums." To divert thought from the painful present, one of the company called upon the host to tell some of his "adventures in the Land of the Morning." He willingly complied, and the company "sat far on into the deep night."

All were listening intently to my narrations. No one thought any more of the tumult without, nor of the burning suburbs, and the beat of the drums, and the firing.

Between that day and this, as I am writing down these recollections, exactly a year has fled. My friends have, in the mean while, often urged me to give through the press a wider extension to the narrations which exercised so happy an influence on them. Hence the publication of the work, and its double title of "The Morning Land, or a Thousand-and-one Days in the East."

We must confess we should not have attributed such a potent spell to Dr. Bodenstein's impressions of travel, as to suppose they would charm away the anxiety of a bombardment. The book seems to us fragmentary in its scheme and often slight in its matter, with too strong an intrusion of the author's personality. Curious pictures of Georgian and Armenian life will be found, with some valuable information as to the state of the Caucasian region under the Russian rule, and the effects of Russian so-called "civilization." But these passages are balanced by scenes of a trifling kind, whose description has not the effect upon the reader which their reminiscence produces upon the author, and by a good deal of remark allied to reverie. There are also various poems or fragments of poems, translations from the Russian, Persian, Georgian, or Armenian, with a few of the Doctor's own. These translations frequently possess feeling, contain natural imagery, and exhibit national manners; but they are devoid of poetical characteristics; a deficiency which may be owing to the double or triple transmutation to which they have been subjected.

The framework of the book is an outward journey from Moscow to Tiflis across the Steppes of Southern Russia and the Caucasian range, and a return steam-voyage along the coast of the Black Sea, calling at various Russian settlements en route. The intermediate sections contain accounts

* The Morning-Land; or, a Thousand-and-one Days in the East. By Friedrich Bodenstein. From the German, by Richard Waddington. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

of various excursions made by the author in pursuit of the main object of his studies; but to give a continuous account of travels is not the main purpose. The narrative is continually suspended or broken off to introduce a description or reflection, or to pass to some other theme. The real topics of the book are specimens of poetry, sketches of manners and persons, tales illustrative of Caucasian life, mingled with reminiscences of parties and personal occurrences, as well as stories, slight in themselves and prolonged to weariness, of the author's Georgian master of languages, one Mirza-Schaffy.

As might be inferred from the number of poetical specimens in the volumes, Dr. Bodenstein has some fancy and vivacity of mind, which frequently serve him well in natural description. This is a striking picture of the Steppes in what is elsewhere mid-autumn.

September is not yet closed, and already the landscape around us wears a wintry aspect.

The sky is overcast with gray clouds, and the air is as dark and dusky at mid-day as at the approach of the evening twilight; flocks of crows and ravens are swinging on the leafless boughs; the autumnal wind dismally pipes over the snow-whitened fields, through which the road winds like a huge black stripe; for the ice lies yet too thin, and the snow too loose to resist the hoofs of the horses and the incisions of the carriage-wheels; and every time the light winter array is broken through, a black ooze wells from the slimy soil, like jets of tar.

Part of the following picture of uncertainty in Russia is less striking to Englishmen with their extensive commerce and wide colonial empire than it is to a German. Its feature lies in the fact that every Russian, except perhaps the merchant, is liable to this whirligig life at the pleasure of somebody.

The physician, who to-day has passed his examination in Moscow, will, a few weeks hence, perhaps, be curing bilious fevers on the shores of the Black Sea; the newly-married functionary, just settled in Petersburg, is suddenly appointed to a government office on the frontiers of China; the officer of the Guards, who intends in the evening to pay a visit to the lady of his love, is unexpectedly despatched in the afternoon as a courier to the Caucasus. Thus it fares with all classes of society.

And as the Russian nowhere feels himself at home for any length of time, one nowhere feels at home for any length of time with him.

The gentle power of habit and the charm of remembrance are no spell for him. He takes no root in the past, and he thinks not of the future. This truly Oriental character of the Russian—to live only for the passing moment, and only to enjoy the present—is conspicuous even in his dwelling.

He builds for himself alone and his own individual likings, without a thought of those who may come after him. And because he has no spirit of invention, nor taste for beautiful structures, he allows his house to be built after the fashion of those around him, and usually in such haste that often in a few years the building is nothing more than a plastered ruin.

Hence the frigid uniformity of the Russian houses, and the singular circumstance that there is no telling by the appearance of any house whether it was built one year, ten, or a hundred years ago—so different from the old towns of Germany, Italy and other countries, where the buildings are, as it were, living pages of history, instructive mediators betwixt the present and the past.

Notwithstanding our author must have carried on his inquiries by permission of the Russian government, and he received continual civilities from the officers in the Caucasus, truth compels him to give a very indifferent account of the Russian capabilities for ruling, or for teaching civilization. Even in the matter of passable ways they are behindhand. This is his picture of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia.

Thus far I have shown you Tiflis and its inhabitants only on the fine days of spring, and from the distance that glorifies; let us now change the scene for once to a different time of the year, and contemplate a little more closely.

It is winter. At night we have had a degree or two of cold;* on the snow, already risen to a thick layer, another threatens to fall; the sky is overcast with gray clouds, and all sight of the mountains is lost. With difficulty one still discerns in the distance the lofty mountain fortress of Tiflis; who herself looks so uncomfortable that it seems as if she were going to cover over with her mantle of snows all the bloody remembrances which past centuries have left behind in her. The winter adornment suits her badly, as it does her whole environs.

To an inhabitant of the Northern climates the cold is here doubly sensible and unpleasant, since he finds scarcely any protecting provision against it. Nevertheless, as the warmth of the advancing day increased, I always wished the cold of the morning to return; for whilst the sun rends for an hour or two the veil of clouds, the whole city is converted into a sea of slush.

The snow, shovelled down from the roofs of houses in the morning, piles itself up in the narrow crooked streets into regular hills, and when kneaded through by the sunbeams and camels' feet, forms so bottomless a mass that a foot-passenger sinks in deep at every step, and even the best-teamed vehicle has difficulty in getting through.

But this is yet the fairer side of the winter, and lasts at the most but a few weeks, during which one can still at least go out in the mornings and evenings, when the firth has acquired a certain consistency by the cold.

The proper mud season commences when the night-frosts and snow-storms have quite ceased.

The air is warm where the city is defended by the surrounding mountains; but where these divide, a cold cutting wind blows down from Caucasus in seldom interrupted fierceness, howling through the principal streets of Tiflis, and frequently on the Tauric and Erivan Squares, rendering walking impossible.

What with the slush of the melted snow and the frequent torrents of rain, the unpaved streets are often wallowing in filth to the depth of two or three feet, and in lower parts are quite under water. During this time—and one may always depend on the year for a month or two of it—every egress into the town becomes a hazardous adventure; for whoever avails himself of horse, ass, or drosky, as a means of transport, runs the risk of taking a mud-bath against his will.

That, under such circumstances, cleanliness in dress and dwelling, among the poorer classes—of whom, however, the great majority of the inhabitants consists—is not to be thought of, scarcely needs be mentioned.

There is a sombre description of the garrisons of the Black Sea, where so many are annually sacrificed to the imperial lust of territorial aggrandizement.

When, in a beautiful morning of spring, one wanders through the blooming environs of Pitzunda, (or

Bitshvinda, as the natives call it,) and the eye feeds on the manifold beauties of nature that laugh around us here in most luxurious abundance, it is hard to believe that this seemingly so blessed shore should be a dwelling-place of misery and lamentation. But, unfortunately, such is the case; the unhealthy hue of the soldiers' faces, their faded, sunken cheeks, bear frightful witness of it. The balls of the enemy are less to be dreaded here than the intermitting and yellow fevers, the liver and other complaints, which in Pitzunda, as almost on the whole east coast of Pontus, have fixed their habitation, and commit ravages from which few people living here escape. The fate of those is indeed to be pitied whom an adverse destiny has cast in this wilderness for any length of time.

In general, it may be assumed that not one of the soldiers sent hither beholds again the soil of his native home. If I compare all the accounts which have come to me from different sources in connexion with this subject, the result of them appears to be that the garrisons of the forts of this coast have to be renewed on an average every three years. The subordinate officers stationed here are generally such as have been guilty or suspected of some crime: restless heads, that carry their hearts on their tongues—liberal-minded people, who cannot think softly, and are not contented with the existing order or rather disorder of things in Russia—young and old Poles, of the most different ranks and views—find here a second fatherland. It is easy to conceive that among these banished men are often found the most interesting personages; whose hearts one never thinks of judging in accordance with their unhappy fate.

Here already many a hopeful youth, brought up in the palaces of the capital, has found in solitude a lamented death; full many a cry of anguish from hearts dead to hope has mingled in the dusk of night with the howl of the winds that incessantly lash the shores; and already many a banished man, wearied of life, has sought and found his death in the white waves of the Black Sea. With respect to the higher empowered officers, on whom so much depends, the government has to exercise the extremest caution in going to work; and among these I have found many very humane and able men.

From the Granite Farmer.

"AGRICULTURE FOR SCHOOLS."

THE Rev. John L. Blake, D. D., has prepared a book entitled "Agriculture for Schools," designed to aid and enlighten the agricultural community with reference to the best means of rendering the cultivation of the soil more profitable and less laborious. The author's design is to introduce into our common schools a *taste for scientific agriculture and rural literature*. About one third of the work is made up of scientific matter, designed for class recitations. This part of the book is prepared in the form of questions and answers, and is very judiciously arranged for the object the author had in view. The other two thirds of the book consist of elegant extracts, chiefly from American authors, upon subjects having a general reference to rural life and its duties. The plan of the work is good, and the design of the author deserves the serious consideration of farmers and teachers. It is very well known that the literature of the reading books of our common schools constitutes a large portion of all the knowledge of books which a majority of the children, whose education is confined to the district school, ever obtain. Many of these reading books are made up, to a great degree, of extracts from the speeches of English statesmen and fragments from the most distinguished English poets. The extracts in both cases are torn from the connection in which they stand, and give the reader very little notion of the time, place, or subject of discourse. Still these beautiful passages from poets and orators have their value. They are

* Below freezing-point, which in Reaum. is 0°.

read so often that they are committed to memory, and in after life, when the mind is mature, furnish food for thought and materials to point a moral or adorn a tale. I would not have the children of our common schools disuse such books, or neglect to study such selected passages from the old standard authors. This exercise may be retained, in part, and other substituted, in part, for the old and monotonous method of repetition. A text-book is read through several times during a single winter. The pupils lose their interest in it, especially when it is used year after year, as "Porter's Rhetorical Reader" has been in some towns in the state. It has been in vogue ever since its first appearance, (which was a time whereto the memory of few living men runneth to the contrary,) until this day. A reading book ought to be frequently changed. The same pupils sometimes read in one book for five or six years. It is a miserable economy which thus attempts to feed the minds of youth with the same unchanged pabulum during almost the whole period of education. The contents of several reading books would be as well understood and remembered as those of one; and the variety would be far more interesting and profitable to the young. Sameness of thought and expression wearies the best disciplined minds, and it cannot fail to disgust the young. What I would suggest is this: instead of confining the attention of the first class in a school for three or four months to a single reading book, I would have one for the forenoon and another for the afternoon; and in our rural districts, where most of the scholars are children of farmers and mechanics, and are destined to follow the vocation of their fathers, I would introduce Blake's "Agriculture for Schools." The pupils might then read the elegant extracts which are compiled from the best sources, and *recite from the scientific portions of the book*. In this way, without loss of time, they would acquire a large amount of useful and practical knowledge respecting their own employment. There is no class of pupils to whom the book, thus studied and read, would not be exceedingly useful.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

"Have you not found," said Cole in a letter to a friend, "I have—that you never succeed in painting scenes, however beautiful, immediately on returning from them? I must wait for time to draw a veil over the common details, the unessential parts, which will leave the great features, whether the beautiful or the sublime, dominant in the mind."—*Bryant's Funeral Oration*, p. 39.

It was a Sabbath morning, and the bright October sun,
A milder or a lovelier scene, ne'er shed his rays upon;
The trees were dressed in crimson leaf, in purple and in gold,
And in a thousand varied dyes, whose names could not be told;
The gentle south wind softly sighed along the peaceful vale,
And to the quiet meadow told the rivulet his tale;
No idle cloud was drifting, in the azure, to and fro,
'T was Sabbath in the heaven above, as on the earth below!

Oh, beautiful was earth indeed! (No wonder that we love
To linger 'mid such scenes as these, and dread the last remove!)
—The village church bell, sweetly too, rung out its warning chime,
And told to many a grateful ear the hour of holy time;
The smile of God was in the light, his whisper in the wind;
A moment did it seem to me, as man had never sinned.

'T was years ago, but even now that vision comes again,
And I seem to take the very walk I took so sadly then.

Sadly—for I was on my way to see a youthful saint
Go down into the valley dark, where older spirits faint;

With others I had watched the change, and seen, from day to day,

Her life, like an expiring lamp, consuming fast away;
In vain we hoped, we prayed in vain, 't was ever still the same;

We wished for morning when 't was eve, at morn that evening came.

Fast as the flitting autumn leaves, that fell so thickly round,

The little strength that still remained was withering to the ground.

'T is hard, methought, to leave this world, for one so young to die;

Oh, will she find death's sting destroyed, and gain the victory?

So recently a child of grace—once only at His board—
May not her startled spirit shrink, so soon to meet her Lord?

O tempting world! O lack of faith!—How much did I rejoice,

The lamb was not afraid to hear the gentle Shepherd's voice;

I bent me low to catch her words, and this I heard her say,

"With Jesus to depart and be, is better than to stay."

The world without was all forgot, it must have been a dream,
This vale of tears, but just before, so beautiful did seem;

Those words have shut the eye of sense, the eye of faith unsealed,

And in that pallid face I see the light of heaven revealed;

As homeward thoughtfully I go, a pastor's errand done,

No more I see the gorgeous woods—the bright October sun;

No more I hear the prattling brook course on his merry way;

"With Jesus to depart and be, is better than to stay."

'T is ever so! Oh, many a time the heart is sick and sore,

It aches with sorrow and with care, as it could ache no more;

The faithless friend is far away—the faithful too is gone,

Of griefs and trials all can tell, the heaviest his own;

Our plans, our purposes of joy, are idle as the wind,
A lengthening chain of sorrow still our memory drags behind;

The hopes that cheered our spring of life like sear leaves drop away;

"With Jesus to depart and be, is better than to stay."

It was a Sabbath evening—an eve for such a morn,
And such an one as well might be, when Bethlehem's babe was born;

The gentle sufferer finds at length the long desired release—

'T is peace in all the world without, and all within is peace:

Gently as sets the evening star, the parting smile is given,

The Sabbath ends with her on earth—to her begun in heaven.

Gone with the church bell's echoing chime—the sunset's latest ray,

"With Jesus to depart and be, is better than to stay."

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

Bloomfield, N. J., Aug. 16th, 1851.

From the Tribune.

The Works of John Adams. Vols. III.—V. Edited by his Grandson, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Boston: Little & Brown.

In the present volumes of this important historical work we have the continuation of Mr. Adams' Autobiography, further extracts from his Diary, Miscellaneous Essays, Controversial Papers of the Revolution, and Works on Government, including the Defence of the Constitution of the United States. The political speculations of Mr. Adams, with which a large portion of these volumes is filled, can have but little interest for the general reader of the present day. They were called forth by the demands of a particular crisis, written on the spur of the moment, without pretensions to extensive research or to literary finish, and, consequently, abound in crude expressions of opinion, historical inaccuracies, and glaring defects of execution. The editor has judiciously made such corrections as were in his power, and has shown a great degree of candor, frankness, and honesty in the performance of his delicate task. In his extracts from the journals of Mr. Adams he has presented an abundance of matter more adapted to be read with interest. They embody a variety of personal details, literary and political gossip, and anecdotes of the times, which derive an additional charm from the remarkable naïveté with which they are related. No one can doubt that Mr. Adams faithfully depicts himself in his autobiography. It is the original all over. Every page of it is marked with the good-humored egotism, the harmless vanity, at times almost infantile in its simplicity, the buoyant vivacity and the violent prejudices which were such prominent elements in his character. Of his moral integrity, of his devotion to his country, and of his sincere religious principles, it is impossible to doubt. He was not intended by Nature for a great man, but, placed by circumstances in a position which required both energy and insight, he acquitted himself of arduous duties with credit. His connection with the progress of democratic freedom in this country will always attach an interest to his name, and this will be gratified by the perusal of the reminiscences in the volumes now published.

Under date of July, 1776, we find a description of John Adams' share in the debate on

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I am not able to recollect whether it was on this or some preceding day, that the greatest and most solemn debate was had on the question of independence. The subject had been in contemplation for more than a year, and frequent discussions had been had concerning it. At one time and another all the arguments for it and against it had been exhausted, and were become familiar. I expected no more would be said in public, but that the question would be put and decided. Mr. Dickinson, however, was determined to bear his testimony against it with more formality. He had prepared himself apparently with great labor and ardent zeal, and, in a speech of great length, and with all his eloquence, he combined together all that had before been written in pamphlets and newspapers, and all that had from time to time been said in Congress by himself and others. He conducted the debate not only with great ingenuity and eloquence, but with equal politeness and candor, and was answered in the same spirit.

No member rose to answer him, and after waiting some time, in hopes that some one less obnoxious than

himself, who had been all along for a year before, and still was, represented and believed to be the author of all the mischief, would move, I determined to speak.

It has been said, by some of our historians, that I began by an invocation to the god of eloquence. This is a misrepresentation. Nothing so puerile as this fell from me. I began by saying that this was the first time of my life that I had ever wished for the talents and eloquence of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome, for I was sure that none of them ever had before him a question of more importance to his countrymen and to the world. They would probably, upon less occasions than this, have begun by solemn invocations to their divinities for assistance; but the question before me appeared so simple, that I had confidence enough in the plain understanding and common sense that had been given me, to believe that I could answer, to the satisfaction of the House, all the arguments which had been produced, notwithstanding the abilities which had been displayed, and the eloquence with which they had been enforced. Mr. Dickinson, some years afterward, published his speech. I had made no preparation beforehand, and never committed any minutes of mine to writing. But if I had a copy of Mr. Dickinson's before me, I would now, after nine and twenty years have elapsed, endeavor to recollect mine.

Before the final question was put, the new delegates from New Jersey came in, and Mr. Stockton, Dr. Witherspoon, and Mr. Hopkinson, very respectable characters, expressed a great desire to hear the arguments. All was silence; no one would speak; all eyes were turned upon me. Mr. Edward Rutledge came to me and said, laughing, "Nobody will speak but you upon this subject. You have all the topics so ready, that you must satisfy the gentlemen from New Jersey." I answered him, laughing, that it had so much the air of exhibiting like an actor or gladiator, for the entertainment of the audience, that I was ashamed to repeat what I had said twenty times before, and I thought nothing new could be advanced by me. The New Jersey gentlemen, however, still insisting on hearing at least a recapitulation of the arguments, and no other gentleman being willing to speak, I summed up the reasons, objections, and answers in as concise a manner as I could, till at length the Jersey gentlemen said they were fully satisfied and ready for the question, which was then put, and determined in the affirmative.

The following extract, dated September 9, of the same year, is highly characteristic:—

A JOURNEY ON HORSEBACK.

On this day Mr. Franklin, Mr. Edward Rutledge, and Mr. John Adams, proceeded on their journey to Lord Howe, on Staten Island, the two former in chairs, and the latter on horseback. The first night we lodged at an inn in New-Brunswick. On the road, and at all the public houses, we saw such numbers of officers and soldiers, straggling and loitering, as gave me, at least, but a poor opinion of the discipline of our forces, and excited as much indignation as anxiety. Such thoughtless dissipation at a time so critical, was not calculated to inspire very sanguine hopes, or give great courage to ambassadors. I was, nevertheless, determined that it should not dishearten me. I saw that we must, and had no doubt but we should, be chastised into order in time.

The taverns were so full we could with difficulty obtain entertainment. At Brunswick, but one bed could be procured for Dr. Franklin and me, in a chamber little larger than the bed, without a chimney, and with only one small window. The window was open, and I, who was an invalid and afraid of the air in the night, shut it close. "Oh!" says Franklin, "don't shut the window, we shall be suffocated." I answered I was afraid of the evening air. Dr. Frank

lin replied, "The air within this chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without doors. Come, open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you. I believe you are not acquainted with my theory of colds." Opening the window, and leaping into bed, I said I had read his letters to Dr. Cooper, in which he had advanced, that nobody ever got cold by going into a cold church or any other cold air, but the theory was so little consistent with my experience, that I thought it a paradox. However, I had so much curiosity to hear his reasons that I would run the risk of a cold. The doctor then began a harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his philosophy together, but I believe they were equally sound and insensible within a few minutes after me, for the last words I heard were pronounced as if he was more than half asleep. I remember little of the lecture, except that the human body, by respiration and perspiration, destroys a gallon of air in a minute; that two such persons as were now in that chamber would consume all the air in it in an hour or two; that by breathing over again the matter thrown off by the lungs and the skin, we should imbibe the real cause of colds, not from abroad, but from within. I am not inclined to introduce here a dissertation on this subject. There is much truth, I believe, in some things he advanced, but they warrant not the assertion that a cold is never taken from cold air. I have often conversed with him since on the same subject, and I believe with him, that colds are often taken in foul air in close rooms, but they are often taken from cold air abroad too. I have often asked him whether a person heated with exercise going suddenly into cold air, or standing still in a current of it, might not have his pores suddenly contracted, his perspiration stopped, and that matter thrown into the circulation, or cast upon the lungs, which he acknowledged was the cause of colds. To this he never could give me a satisfactory answer, and I have heard that, in the opinion of his own able physician, Dr. Jones, he fell a sacrifice at last, not to the stone, but to his own theory, having caught the violent cold which finally choked him, by sitting for some hours at a window, with the cool air blowing upon him.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey, and the remainder of this negotiation will be related from the Journals of Congress, and from a few familiar letters, which I wrote to my most intimate friends before and after my journey. The abrupt, uncouth freedom of these and all others of my letters, in those days, requires an apology. Nothing was further from my thoughts than that they would ever appear before the public. Oppressed with a load of business, without an amanuensis, or any assistance, I was obliged to do everything myself. For seven years before this, I had never been without three clerks in my office as a barrister, but now I had no secretary, or servant, whom I could trust to write, and everything must be copied by myself, or be hazarded without any copy. The few that I wrote, upon this occasion, I copied merely to assist my memory, as occasion might demand.

There were a few circumstances which appear neither in the Journals of Congress, nor in my letters, which may be thought by some worth preserving. Lord Howe had sent over an officer as a hostage for our security. I said to Dr. Franklin, it would be childish in us to depend upon such a pledge, and insisted on taking him over with us, and keeping our society on the same side of the water with us. My colleagues exulted in the proposition, and agreed to it instantly. We told the officer, if he held himself under our direction, he must go back with us. He bowed assent, and we all embarked in his lordship's barge. As we approached the shore, his lordship, observing us, came down to the water's edge to

receive us, and, looking at the officer, he said, "Gentlemen, you make me a very high compliment, and you may depend upon it, I will consider it as the most sacred of things." We walked up to the house between lines of guards of grenadiers, looking fierce as ten furies, and making all the grimaces, and gestures, and motions of their muskets, with bayonets fixed, which, I suppose, military etiquette requires, but which we neither understood nor regarded.

The house had been the habitation of military guards, and was as dirty as a stable; but his lordship had prepared a large, handsome room, by spreading a carpet of moss and green sprigs, from bushes and shrubs in the neighborhood, till he had made it not only wholesome, but romantically elegant; and he entertained us with good claret, good bread, cold ham, tongues, and mutton.

His Diary of 1777 gives some curious particulars with regard to

HIS FIRST MISSION TO FRANCE.

When I asked leave of Congress to make a visit to my constituents and my family in November, 1777, it was my intention to decline the next election, and return to my practice at the bar. I had been four years in Congress, had left my accounts in a very loose condition, my debtors were failing, the paper money was depreciating; I was daily losing the fruits of seventeen years' industry; my family was living on my past acquisitions, which were very moderate, for no man ever did so much business for so little profit; my children were growing up without my care in their education, and all my emoluments as a member of Congress, for four years, had not been sufficient to pay a laboring man upon my farm. Some of my friends, who had more compassion for me and my family than others, suggested to me what I knew very well before, that I was losing a fortune every year by my absence. Young gentlemen who had been clerks in my office, and others whom I had left in that character in other offices, were growing rich; for the prize causes and other controversies had made the profession of a barrister more lucrative than it ever had been before. I thought, therefore, that four years' drudgery, and sacrifice of everything, were sufficient for my share of absence from home, and that another might take my place. Upon my arrival at my home in Braintree, I soon found that my old clients had not forgotten me, and that new ones had heard enough of me to be ambitious of engaging me in suits which were depending. I had application from all quarters in the most important disputes. Among others, Col. Elisha Doane applied to me to go to Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, upon the case of a large ship and cargo, which had been seized, and was to be tried in the Court of Admiralty, before Judge Brackett.

At the trial of the cause at Portsmouth, and while I was speaking in it, Mr. Langdon came in from Philadelphia, and, leaning over the bar, whispered to me, that Mr. Deane was recalled, and I was appointed to go to France. As I could scarcely believe the news to be true, and suspected Langdon to be sporting with me it did not disconcert me. As I had never solicited such an appointment, nor intimated to any one the smallest inclination for it, the news was altogether unexpected. The only hint I ever had of such a design in Congress was this. After I had mounted my horse for my journey home, Mr. Gerry, at Yorktown, came out of the house of Mr. Roberdeau, where we lodged together, and said to me, between him and me, that I must go to France; that Dr. Deane's conduct had been so intolerably bad as to disgrace himself and his country, and that Congress had no other way of retrieving the dishonor but by recalling him. I answered that, as to recalling Mr. Deane, Congress would do as they thought fit, but I entreated him that neither Mr. Gerry nor any one else would think of me

for a successor, for I was altogether unqualified for it. Supposing it only a sudden thought of Mr. Gerry, and that, when he should consider it a moment, he would relinquish it, I know not that I recollected it again, till Mr. Langdon brought it to remembrance. At Portsmouth, Captain Landais was introduced to me as then lately arrived from France, who gave me an account of his voyage with Bourgainville round the world, and other particulars of his life. Upon my return to Braintree, I found, to my infinite anxiety, that Mr. Langdon's intelligence was too well founded. Large packets from Congress, containing a new commission to Franklin, Lee, and me, as Plenipotentiaries to the King of France, with our instructions and other papers, had been left at my house, and waited my arrival. A letter from the President of Congress informed me of my appointment, and that the navy board in Boston was ordered to fit out the frigate Boston, as soon as possible, to carry me to France. It should have been observed before, that in announcing to me the intelligence of my appointment, Langdon neither expressed congratulation nor regret, but I soon afterward had evidence enough that he lamented Mr. Deane's recall, for he had already formed lucrative connections in France, by Mr. Deane's recommendation, particularly with Mr. Le Ray de Chaumont, who had shipped merchandises to him to sell upon commission, an account of which, rendered to Chaumont by Langdon, was shown to me by the former, at Passy, in 1779, in which almost the whole capital was sunk by the depreciation of paper money.

When the dispatches from Congress were read, the first question was, whether I would accept the commission, or return it to Congress. The dangers of the seas, and the sufferings of a winter passage, although I had no experience of either, had little weight with me. The British men-of-war were a more serious consideration. The news of my appointment, I had no doubt, were known in Rhode Island, where a part of the British navy and army then lay, as soon as they were to me, and transmitted to England as soon as possible. I had every reason to expect that ships would be ordered from Rhode Island and from Halifax to intercept the Boston, and that intelligence would be secretly sent them, as accurately as possible, of the time when she was to sail. For there always have been and still are spies in America, as well as in France, England, and other countries. The consequence of a capture would be a lodging in Newgate. For the spirit of contempt, as well as indignation and vindictive rage, with which the British government had to that time conducted both the controversy and the war, forbade me to hope for the honor of an apartment in the Tower as a state prisoner. As their Act of Parliament would authorize them to try me in England for treason, and proceed to execution too, I had no doubt they would go to the extent of their power, and practise upon me all the cruelties of their punishment of treason. My family, consisting of a dearly beloved wife, and four young children, excited sentiments of tenderness, which a father and a lover only can conceive, and which no language can express; and my want of qualifications for the office was by no means forgotten.

On the other hand, my country was in deep distress and in great danger. Her dearest interests would be involved in the relations she might form with foreign nations. My own plan of these relations had been deliberately formed and fully communicated to Congress nearly two years before. The confidence of my country was committed to me without my solicitation. My wife, who had always encouraged and animated me in all antecedent dangers and perplexities, did not fail me on this occasion. But she discovered an inclination to bear me company, with all our children. This proposal, however, she was soon convinced, was too hazardous and imprudent.

It was an opinion, generally prevailing in Boston, CCLXXXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXI. 3

that the fisheries were lost forever. Mr. Isaac Smith, who had been more largely concerned in the codfishery than any man, excepting Mr. Hooper and Mr. Lee of Marblehead, had spoken to me on the subject, and said that whatever should be the termination of the war, he knew we should never be allowed to fish again upon the Banks. My practice as a barrister, in the counties of Essex, Plymouth, and Barnstable, had introduced me to more knowledge, both of the cod and whale fisheries, and of their importance, both to the commerce and naval power of this country, than any other man possessed who would be sent abroad if I refused; and this consideration had no small weight in producing my determination.

After much agitation of mind, and a thousand reveries unnecessary to be detailed, I resolved to devote my family and my life to the cause, accepted the appointment, and made preparation for the voyage. A longer time than I expected was required to fit and man the frigate. The news of my appointment was whispered about, and General Knox came up to dine with me at Braintree. The design of his visit was, as I soon perceived, to sound me in relation to General Washington. He asked me what my opinion of him was. I answered, with the utmost frankness, that I thought him a perfectly honest man, with an amiable and excellent heart, and the most important character at that time among us; for he was the centre of our union. He asked the question, he said, because, as I was going to Europe, it was of importance that the general's character should be supported in other countries. I replied, that he might be perfectly at his ease on the subject, for he might depend upon it, that, both from principle and affection, public and private, I should do my utmost to support his character, at all times and in all places, unless something should happen very greatly to alter my opinion of him; and this I have done from that time to this. I mention this incident, because that insolent blasphemer of things sacred, and transcendent libeller of all that is good, Tom Paine, has more than once asserted in print that I was one of a faction, in the fall of the year 1777, against General Washington.

Here is a confession that in frankness outrivals Rousseau:—

A PERSONAL CONFESSION.

There is a feebleness and a languor in my nature. My mind and body both partake of this weakness. By my physical constitution, I am but an ordinary man. The times alone have destined me to fame; and even these have not been able to give me much. When I look in the glass, my eye, my forehead, my brow, my cheeks, my lips, all betray this relaxation. Yet some great events, some cutting expressions, some mean hypocrisies, have, at times, thrown this assemblage of sloth, sleep, and littleness, into a rage a little like a lion. Yet it is not like the lion; there is extravagance and distraction in it that still betray the same weakness.

We cut short our excerpts with a passage from his journal on the return voyage from France, which presents a by no means complimentary view of

THE CHARACTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

This forenoon, fell strangely, yet very easily, into conversation with M. Marbois. I went up to him. "M. Marbois," said I, "how many persons have you in your train, and that of the chevalier, who speak the German language?" "Only my servant," said he, "besides the chevalier and myself." "It will be a great advantage to you," said I, "in America, especially in Pennsylvania, to be able to speak German. There is a great body of Germans in Pennsylvania and Maryland. There is a vast proportion of the city of

Philadelphia of this nation, who have three churches in it, two of which, one Lutheran, the other Calvinist, are the largest and most elegant churches in the city, frequented by the most numerous congregations, where the worship is all in the German language." "Is there not one Catholic?" said M. Marbois. "Not a German church," said I. "There is a Roman Catholic church in Philadelphia, a very decent building, frequented by a respectable congregation, consisting partly of Germans, partly of French, and partly of Irish." "All religions are tolerated in America," said M. Marbois: "and the ambassadors have in all courts a right to a chapel in their own way; but Mr. Franklin never had any." "No," said I, laughing, "because Mr. Franklin had no"—I was going to say what I did not say, and will not say here. I stopped short and laughed. "No," said M. Marbois; "Mr. Franklin adores only great Nature, which has interested a great many people of both sexes in his favor." "Yes," said I laughing, "all the atheists, deists, and libertines, as well as the philosophers and ladies, are in his train—another Voltaire, and thence—" "Yes," said M. Marbois, "he is celebrated as the great philosopher and the great legislator of America." "He is," said I, "a great philosopher, but as the legislator of America he has done very little. It is universally believed in France, England, and all Europe, that his electric wand has accomplished all this revolution. But nothing is more groundless. He has done very little. It is believed that he made all the American constitutions and their confederation; but he made neither. He did not even make the constitution of Pennsylvania, bad as it is. The bill of rights is taken almost verbatim from that of Virginia, which was made and published two or three months before that of Philadelphia was begun; it was made by Mr. Mason, as that of Pennsylvania was by Timothy Matlack, James Cannon, Thomas Young, and Thomas Paine. Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, and Dr. Franklin made an essay toward a confederation about the same time. Mr. Sherman's was best liked, but very little was finally adopted from either, and the real confederation was not made until a year after Mr. Franklin left America, and but a few days before I left Congress." "Who," said the chevalier, "made the Declaration of Independence?" "Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia," said I, "was the draughtsman. The committee consisted of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Harrison, Mr. R., and myself; and we appointed Jefferson a sub-committee to draw it up."

I said that Mr. Franklin had great merit as a philosopher. His discoveries in electricity were very grand, and he certainly was a great genius, and had great merit in our American affairs. But he had no title to the "legislator of America." M. Marbois said he had wit and irony; but these were not the faculties of a statesman. His essay upon the true means of bringing a great empire to be a small one, was very pretty. I said he had wrote many things which had great merit, infinite wit and ingenuity. His *Bonhomme Richard* was a very ingenious thing, which had been so much celebrated in France, gone through so many editions, and had been recommended by curates and bishops to so many parishes and dioceses.

M. Marbois asked, are natural children admitted in America to all privileges like children born in wedlock? I answered, They are not admitted to the rights of inheritance; but their fathers may give them estates by testament, and they are not excluded from other advantages. "In France," said M. Marbois, "they are not admitted into the army nor any office in government." I said, they were not excluded from commissions in the army, navy, or state, but they were always attended with a mark of disgrace. M. Marbois said this, no doubt, in allusion to Mr. F.'s natural son, and natural son of a natural son. I

let myself thus freely into this conversation, being led on naturally by the chevalier and M. Marbois on purpose, because I am sure it cannot be my duty, nor the interest of my country, that I should conceal any of my sentiments of this man, at the same time that I do justice to his merits. It would be worse than folly to conceal my opinion of his great faults.

In fact, the whole of these personal historiettes present an abundance of good picking to the amateurs of character, always showing the man in a more attractive light than the politician.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

MORNING.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

A BREATH of Summer air,
Laden with foreign odors rare,
Steals through my casement, while the drowsy hours
Fly from voluptuous morn,
Whose gold and purple lights are born
Where dews weigh down the cool hearts of the flowers.

The tremulous light of day
Kindles the Eastern mountain way—
And to its dark abyss the dusky night returns;
Through green and lonely dells,
Where the full heart of Silence swells,
Heaven's orb of fire with mildest lustre burns.

In clouds of wreathing snow—
Where the lulling streamlets flow—
In graceful garlands, round the mountain's head—
Bright shines the diamond mist,
Like beauty's scarf by moon-beams kissed
Or angel vestments o'er an Eden spread!

Along the grassy aisles,
Where the green forest broadly smiles,
The moist-plump berries shine among their leaves,
And from the trampled flowers
Of odorous herbs and spice-wood bowers,
A subtle fragrance o'er each bruised leaf grieves.

The birds, with jocund voice,
Make all the hills and groves rejoice
With flowing cadence with delicious song;
The clouds, as in a dream,
Move far above the lazy stream
That shadows beauty as they glide along.

Then human life awakes,
And from the bonds of slumber breaks,
Pouring its tides through all the city's veins;
Upon his feverish bed
The languid sufferer turns his head,
And hails the morning light amidst his pains.

From the glad realm of dreams,
Its heaven-capt mounts and silvery streams;
From groves and gardens of supreme delight,
The wandering spirits come
Back to the eddying strife and hum,
To chase dim shadows through this world of night;
Back to the toil and rust,
Making stone of our human dust;
Back to the crushing cares that come with years,
Which make deaf ears and cold,
To the beggar'd, weak, and old,
And scorch Youth's flowery path with buring tears.

Ay, these are they that crave
The deep oblivion of the grave!
That long to fall asleep for evermore—
Let us pray their weary eyes
May uncloise in Paradise,
When Morning breaks on the Eternal Shore!
Madison, July, 1851.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF.

HAVING seen the fruits of the world's industry, let us go and see the world itself. Our journey will be to no greater distance than Leicester Square; and in that region, sacred to needlework, panoramas, and foreigners, we will see a representation of our earth, unique in its design, unparalleled in its magnitude, and unsurpassed in its accuracy. In fact, since the world was a world it has never contained such a portrait of itself.

In the centre of this close and dingy-looking square there has been erected by the enterprise of Mr. Wylde, the well-known map publisher, a large circular building, surmounted by a dome, and approached by four neat loggias opening into the four sides of the square. Entering by one of these we find ourselves in a circular passage about 250 feet in circumference, the walls of which are profusely hung with some of the finest maps ever engraved. Atlases and other geographical works are seen on every table, and globes, terrestrial and celestial, from six inches to three feet in diameter, meet the eye in all quarters. Overhead are many supporting beams beautifully decorated, and hung with globular lamps, in admirable harmony with the purpose for which the building was erected. These beams support part of the convex side of the globe, all of which within the building is painted blue, with silver stars grouped according to their position in the southern hemisphere, and delineated according to their magnitude. The portion of the globe within the building is, however, so small, and the breaks caused by the supports so numerous, that this mapping of the stars is of little value educationally, and from their irregularity of still less value as decorations. A few astronomical diagrams, illustrative of celestial phenomena and celestial bodies, might with as much, if not more propriety, and certainly with greater utility, be substituted.

Having seen thus imperfectly the exterior, you cross the dimly-lighted corridor, and as soon as your eyes have recovered from the sudden change of the light of day for that of gas, you see that you are standing on a small circular floor at the bottom of a huge sphere, the whole interior of which is occupied by a series of floors or galleries about ten feet apart, giving one the idea of a dumb waiter on an extraordinary scale. Casting an eye upwards at the margin, you see that they increase in dimensions as they approach the centre of the sphere, and leave a clear space all round of about three feet in width. Thus from each floor a view of a zone of the globe some ten feet in width is obtained. The globe is about sixty feet in diameter—that is, twenty times the diameter of the largest yet made—and about the seven-hundred-thousandth part of the real diameter of our earth. It is of course impossible to get a complete view at once of the surface of the globe from the galleries; but as you ascend, numerous gas-lights, so disposed as to be hidden from the visitors, throw a brilliant illumination upon each portion of the concave surface on which the earth is delineated.

It was at first intended to represent the earth on the exterior of the globe, but the objections to such a plan were so numerous and obvious that it was abandoned, and the interior was chosen; so that the visitor, though inside the earth, must suppose himself viewing it from the outside. The representation belongs exclusively to physical

geography—that is to say, it is not broken up or varied by the divisions of countries, by lines of latitude and longitude, or by names. The horizontal or plane surface is represented on a scale of one inch to ten miles, while the vertical is on three times that scale. Thus a mountain is shown three times larger in proportion than a plain. Had the proportions been the same, the elevations on the surface would have appeared so small as to be almost imperceptible. Even on this larger scale, the highest mountain ranges appear at a very small elevation above the general surface, giving the spectator the most perfect realization of a fact hitherto so imperfectly illustrated by the "protuberances on the rind of an orange." The snow-line of the mountains is beautifully delineated by a white incrustation that sparkles in the gas-light, just as the snow on the real mountains may be supposed to sparkle in the beams of the rising sun. The volcanoes are all represented in a state of eruption, their peaks being painted a fiery red, and surmounted by a little cotton wool, teased out very fine, to represent smoke. The rivers are marked by blue meandering lines, and the line of sea-coast is more or less of a bright yellow. According as on the real earth, the shore is sandy or rocky. Deserts are represented of a light tawny color, and fertile districts by a bright green. Thus standing on one of the galleries opposite the eastern hemisphere, a very correct idea is obtained of the extent to which the cultivation of the soil has been carried in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Our own islands, Central Europe, and the shores of the Mediterranean, indicate the highest state of cultivation; while large portions of Northern Africa and Central Asia stretch in one dreary line from the mountains of Atlas to the Kurile Isles, broken only by a few bright oases in Zahara, and by fertile valleys like those of the Nile and Cashmere. The sea is pictured a light-green or blue, (it is difficult to tell which in the gas-light,) and a better idea of the vast magnificence of the Pacific Ocean it is impossible to obtain than from one of the galleries, where nothing can be seen but a vast expanse of water, that seems "a sea without a shore," dotted here and there by those

Flowery islets that do lie
Calm beneath a Pacific sky.

Pursuing the route we took from the bottom, we perceive the expanse of the South Atlantic, South Pacific, and Antarctic Oceans; nothing but "water, water everywhere," till you come to the southern extremity of America, comprising part of Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and the islands, one of which forms the redoubted Cape Horn. With the exception of the Falklands and the desolate isle of Georgia there is no other land to be seen, as the floor fills the space in which would appear the more southern lands—the antarctic continent, with its mighty volcanoes. While wondering at the apparent insignificance of the land in comparison with the vast extent of water around it you mount by a convenient stair to the first floor, and see in the upper part of the zone which it discloses the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, a corner of New Holland, New Zealand, and some of the smaller islands, while a broad patch of South America, from Valparaiso to the mouth of the La Plata, with its rivers, hills, and Pampas, presents an interesting study. The sense of disappointment felt on first entering now disappears—the place seems lighter, the land assumes a distincter

relief, and a growing interest in the objects around takes possession of you. Another stair: there is Madagascar, our little island of Mauritius, and a good portion of the *terra incognita* of Africa. Crossing the ocean, you come to Australia, its whole solid form taken in at one view; and commencing with the ocean beyond, there are the numberless islands that enliven its surface. Measuring the distance between Africa and South America with your eye, it is easily seen that Cabral could not help discovering Brazil; the wonder would have been had he missed it. Here, too, are the highest peaks of the Andes, and the mighty region drained by the Amazon and its affluents.

Mount again: the broadest scope of Africa is before you from the Cape de Verds to the Red Sea. There seems something awful in such an extent of unknown territory! Lake Tchad and the Niger are conspicuous on the left; and on the right, the Nile, flowing through "old hushed Egypt," at sight of which the wonders of Scripture history recur to the mind, and the whole region becomes invested with a solemn and touching interest. There is besides the overland route, on such a scale as to convey a positive idea to the mind. Continuing eastward, Ceylon and a portion of the Indian and Malayan peninsulas come into view, and the Eastern Archipelago large and distinct; and far away in the ocean is Hawaii—so small and so solitary, that its ever having been discovered seems almost marvellous. Presently you reach the American isthmus, and may form your opinion as to the rival routes across it by way of Panama or Tehuantepec. There, too, are Mexico, the West Indies, the great basin from which issues the Gulf Stream, and the vast valley and stream of the Mississippi.

Up once more to the topmost gallery. Here you are as much struck by the prodigious extent of land as you were below by that of water; and to this part you will perhaps devote more attention than to any other. Immediately overhead is the Arctic Sea. Or you can cross Behring's Straits, and trace the course of Russian discovery along the desolate shores of the Asiatic continent. The United States from Massachusetts to California are in full view—the great lakes, Niagara, the St. Lawrence, and the Canadas.

To any one unacquainted with geography the great globe proves a disappointment; but an informed mind on viewing it may learn much, and in a most interesting way. Concrete ideas of geography may here be obtained in place of those abstract notions concerning the earth and its surface which mere reading often creates; while for comparing positions, and remarking what places lie opposite each other, or on the same parallel, this globe affords peculiar facilities. It has been suggested that by carrying round a few red and blue tapes close to the surface, the lines of equal heat and equal magnetism might be represented without confusing the general view.

A few words on the construction of this remarkable work. The concave surface of the globe is composed of casts taken in plaster-of-Paris, each cast being about three feet square, and about an inch in thickness, or more when it is of a mountainous district. These casts are screwed on to a series of beams, somewhat like barrel-staves, and then neatly joined. Their number is said to be about 6000. Three operations were necessary after the correct draught had been made on paper:

First, a model had to be made in clay; then from it a mould was formed which again produced the cast. Now, when it is considered that all these separate casts must not only join to each other with perfect accuracy, like the sheets of a map, but must also have each its peculiar curve, so that all may form a perfectly concave surface, some idea may be formed of the vast amount of patient labor and skill that have been expended on the work, and the formidable difficulties that have been overcome. The surface was of course not painted until after the casts had been fixed, and this again must have proved a task of great difficulty.

THE GAME OF BOSTON.—The origin of the name Boston, as applied to a game at cards, is mentioned in the memoirs of Count Segur. This personage, with the Viscount Noailles, proposed to come to America with La Fayette at the beginning of our revolution. The project being found out, the French government, then at peace with England, interfered, and of the three, La Fayette was the only one that escaped from arrest and found his way to the United States, where he became the companion and pupil of Washington. Afterwards, when France sent an army to aid our cause, the Count Segur came with it and served under Rochambeau with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The first application of the term Boston to a game of cards is stated by him as follows:

It was at Spa that I learned for the first time the events that indicated an approaching and mighty revolution in America. The town of Boston was the first theatre of this sanguinary conflict between Great Britain and her colonies. The first cannon shot fired in that hemisphere in defence of the standard of liberty, resounded throughout Europe with the rapidity of lightning.

I recollect that the Americans were then styled insurgents and Bostonians; their daring courage electrified every mind and excited universal admiration, more particularly among young people, who always feel an inclination for novelties and an eagerness for battles. In the small town of Spa, in which were collected together so many travellers, or casual and voluntary deputies, as it were, from every European monarchy, I was very much struck on observing the unanimous burst of so lively and generous an interest in the rebellion of a people against a sovereign.

The American insurrection was everywhere applauded, and became, as it were, a fashion; the scientific English game of whist made way, on a sudden, in every circle, for a game, equally serious, which received the name of *Boston*. This impulse of feeling, however trifling it may appear, was a remarkable forerunner of the mighty convulsions that were about to shake the whole world; and I was very far from being the only one whose heart then beat at the sound of liberty just waking from its slumbers and struggling to throw off the yoke of arbitrary power.

IN one of the neighboring counties of New York lives an industrious Irish gardener who is remarkable for his gravity of manners and his attention to his garden. He is descended from the ancient line of Irish kings. The other day an Irish woman, with a little girl, sought him out, and waited an hour or two in the house of his employer, till he should come in, that he might touch her for the King's Evil or scrofula. The man administered the touch of the royal finger with great solemnity.

From the Athenæum.

Hurry-graphs; or, Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities and Society, taken from Life. By N. PARKER WILLIS. Bohn.

The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town. By an Opera-goer. 4th edition; set-off with Mr. Darley's Designs. 2 vols. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

THIS English—and it is to be feared unauthorized—reprint of a collection of flying sketches contributed by Mr. Willis to sundry American journals, is as amusingly miscellaneous an *olla* as we have ever dipped into. The amusement, however, is of more kinds than one. Practice and haste in fantastic writing have led Mr. Willis into tamerities of affectation, frivolity, and fine language, in which the ingenious thought and poetical fancy that distinguished his early essays are vexatiously smothered. He now (to judge from this book) aspires to be the Beau Nash and the Opera-arbiter of New York—in one page exhorting his countrywomen to sweeten and to soften their voices—in others, deciding with most unmusical confidence on the notes and passages of a Lind, a Bishop, a Truffi, a Steffanoni, and “wishing that Heaven” had garnished Parodi with a *moustache*—so obviously intended for such garniture, thinks he, is Parodi's upper lip! All these assumptions and prettinesses will affront some and divert many readers. Yet the book contains better pages—a few glances and glimpses at Nature, the vivacity of which makes the scenes sketched clear to the reader's eye—and a few touches of feelings more genuine than those that live and breathe in that world of essences, dressing-boxes, and ball-room nonsense, over which Mr. Willis delights to consider himself as a king or a ruler. The following, for instance, brings an unfamiliar haunt before us:—

My purpose, on this excursion, was to see the Falls of the Sawkill; and I was on my way thither in a one-horse wagon, while the tears of the dark hours were still trembling on the eye-lashes of the trees. (How sentimental the country makes one, to be sure!) I was ferried over the river, at starting, by a Delaware raftsmen; and he was such a clean-limbed, lithe, small-hipped, and broad-shouldered rascal, in his shirt and trousers, that I could not forbear telling him what a build for a soldier was thrown away upon him. His reply expressed one of the first principles of Art in masculine symmetry—the “inverted pyramid” rule as to outline of proportions—and I therefore gave it to you in the rough: “Not much starn,” said he, as he shoved away at his pole, “but I've allers noticed that chaps heaviest about the shoulders does the most work.” My pretty gray pony favored his fore foot a little as he climbed up the opposite bank of the river, but my weight (a hundred and fifty pounds and a heart as light as dignity would allow) was not much to draw, and he took me to Milford very willingly in an hour—the road taking the Delaware where the Erie route leaves it, and keeping along the west bank, six miles, to the mouth of the Sawkill. Milford looks like a town that all the mountains around have disowned and kicked into the middle—a bare, neglected-looking, and unshaded village, in the centre of a plain, with no sign of life except the usual tilters on two legs of chairs under the stoups of the taverns. The rail-road, I suppose, has passed just near enough to tap and draw off its “prospects,” and the inhabitants feel too much stranded and aground to keep up any appearance of being still under way. From a man who was ploughing in a field, I got a vague direction to “the Falls,” which he seemed to think were very little worth going to see.

Yet he looked like an intelligent man, and he had, at least, imagination enough to personify a production of nature, for, in reply to a remark of mine, he said, “Yes, the season is back'ard and the oats don't like it.” Pursuing my way to “some'ers over that-ar gap,” I came to the last visible house on the road, and alighted to leave my pony and strike across the fields. “Can I tie my horse to your fence, ma'am?” I asked of a bare-footed old dame who came out at the sound of the wheels.—“You know best whether you know *haow*!” she said, looking sideways at my moustache, with an evident doubt whether it was a proper thing for a woman to see. “How far is it to the Falls?” I asked again.—“Ten mile.”—“What, to the Sawkill Falls?”—“Oh, them-ar? No. I thought you meant the Shoholy Falls. What you mean, I s'pose, is just over the hill yonder.” Across ploughed fields and through wild thickets of brush and wood, I made rather a doubting traverse, for I could hear no sound of falling water. I was about concluding that I had come up the wrong mountain, when I stumbled on a cow-track, and knowing the hydropathic habits of the ruminating sisterhood, I was sure that one end or the other of the track, if a stream were near by, ended at its brink. My ear, presently, caught the roll of a low, heavy, suppressed thunder. * * An increasing spray moisture in the air, like a messenger sent out to bring me in, led me up an ascent to the right, and, with but a little more opposition by the invidious and exclusive birches and hemlock, I “stood in the presence.” If you can imagine a cathedral floor sunk suddenly to the earth's centre—its walls and organ-pipes elongated with it, and its roof laid open to the sky—the platform on which I stood might be the pulpit left hanging against one of the columns whose bases were lost sight of in the darkness below; and the fall might represent the organ, directly in face of the pulpit, whose notes had been deepened in proportion to its downward elongation. From above, the water issues apparently out of the cleft-open side of a deep well in the mountain top, and at the bottom it disappears into a subterranean passage apparently unexplorable, the hollow roar of which sounds like a still heavier fall, in the un-plummeted abysses out of sight. * With what you can see of the depth, and what you can conjecture of the profundity by the abysmal roar, you might fancy the earth's axis had gone through here perpendicularly, on a tunnel laid open by lightning, and that the river, like Paul Pry, had “just dropped in.” Indeed, anything more like a mile of a river galvanized to stand suddenly on end, I never saw. With the aid of roots, overhanging branches, and ledges of rock, I descended to the basin of the fall, and truly the look upwards was a sight to remember. The glittering curve at the top of the cascade was like the upper round of Jacob's ladder resting against the sky—(the ascending and descending angels, of course, draped in muslin for the summer, like statuary protected from the flies)—and so dark were the high walls around, that it seemed night where I stood, with the light coming only from one bright spot radiating downwards. I endeavored to penetrate the dark chasm from which comes the subterranean music, but it looked to be rather a doubtful experiment, and having no friend there “to write my obituary notice,” I deferred the attempt till I could make it in some sort of company. Congregation of waterfalls as Trenton is, and with much more water than here, there is no one part of Trenton, I think, equal in strangeness and sublimity to the single chasm of the Sawkill. The accidental advantages of view are most remarkable; and though from twenty points it is a scene of the most picturesque singularity, yet as a *view downwards*—into darkness, grandeur, and mystery—the one glance from its summit cliff seems to me wholly unsurpassed. The dim and cavernous gorge below the fall affords a rocky standing-place—the nearest approach that can very easily

be made to the resounding abyss out of sight, where a contemplative man, fond of the shadowy dimness of the sublime, might fancy himself in mid-earth, a-top of the thunder forge of Vulcan. It is a very pretty contrast to all this, by-the-way, that the pool above, before making the grand plunge of the fall, glides up, most tranquilly, to bathe the foot of a delicate aspen-tree rooted upon a moss-covered tablet of rock—the abyss opening beneath it as it turns away, like the trap-door in the Eastern story which let through the worshippers of the enchantress as they knelt to pay homage to her beauty. Immediately beyond this, in the cleft of rock through which the stream first appears, is a curiously correct profile likeness of General Cass—the nose a little out of joint perhaps, but the open mouth, prosperous double chin, and one-sided toupee, true to the life. A curious effect struck me as I climbed up the side—a view of the sheet of the cascade, through a very sparse fringe of foliage—resembling the most exquisite embroidery of sprigs of hemlock upon lace. From a man whom I met after finding the road again with some difficulty, I learned that the Sawkill river is about six miles in its entire length. It is the outlet of two small lakes, five miles above the Falls, and runs a very smooth and commonplace course till it comes to the mountain side which lets it down into the valley of the Delaware. I had followed it up, for a few rods of its undistinguished flow, through the fields above, and it certainly looked to have very little anticipation of what circum-precipices and tight-places were about to do for it.

The readers of the *Athenæum* have not forgotten a certain strange and wild opium-dream, called "The Raven." To many it is known that Edgar Poe, its author, now deceased, was one of the most luckless, because one of the most lawless, men of letters that ever existed. During his latest years his life seems to have been passed in frantic license—fierce newspaper quarrels, the record of which makes up one of the most frightful chapters in American press-literature—despairing remorse—and starvation. We now learn that this wayward being was not so abandoned (in both senses of the word) as to be utterly beyond the pale of that Love which wearies not, and which will not—let the novelists take it as they please—endure to the end unless there be some "soul of goodness" in the being loved.—

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that woman in adversity can be. It was a hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell—sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him—mentioning nothing but that "he was

ill," whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing—and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel—living with him—caring for him—guarding him against exposure, and, when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unrequited to, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, begging for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested, and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit—say for him who inspired it?

The sketches of Mrs. Kemble, Mdle. Lind, and other public performers, if drawn on, would afford diversion to those who love to laugh at absurdity. Here, too, is reprinted that wonderful scrap concerning Mdle. Parodi which was some months ago extracted in the *Athenæum* by us, little dreaming the while that its

Pathos and bathos delightful to see were the work of an old acquaintance and contributor. We should not be just to the book and to the public, without affording the latter a glimpse at Mr. Willis in his "town attire," and this shall be on the occasion of his witnessing the performance of Sir William Don, a gentleman from the "Old Country," whose appearances on the American stage have naturally enough been the subject of much remark and excitement.—

A baronet's appearance as a theatrical "star" was, of course, matter for lively curiosity, and that his favorite line of characters should be the clowns of low comedy, was quite enough to give the new star a comet's equipment—of a *faile*. And, to the usual and invariable demurrer, ("the papers say so and so, but what is the *fact*?") the tale was told, viz.—that Sir William was a London *blasi*, who had ruined himself with drink and dissipation, and, having shown a little talent over the bottle as a buffoon, he had slid over the horizon where the sun and other luminaries go to recuperate, and was trying the stage as a desperate extremity. The play advertised was the comedy of "Used-up," and we took our seat in the parterre, sorry for the professional necessity which made it worth while for us to see what we erroneously presumed would be only a humiliating commentary on the title of the piece. Curious enough (a phenomenon we scarce ever saw before) the "house" was both very thin and very fashionable. The ladies who prefer "fast men" were there, in un-missing Pleiades. The belles who think for themselves—a sparse and glittering sprinkle of the *Via Lactea*—were brilliantly conspicuous. It looked well for the new comer that the twenty or thirty men who constitute the average maximum of presentable English in New York, seemed all to be there. The remainder of the audience might apparently have been divided between the press-ditti, the indigenous dandies, the sporting men, and a few innocent "strangers in town," who had come to see a live Baronet. The supernumeraries dialogued up the attention of the audience, and in walked Sir William as "Sir Charles"—a Baronet representing a Baronet—and proceeded to picture the insufferableness of an unarousable platitude of sensation. The reader knows the play—turning on the exhaustion of the sensibilities for pleasure, and their renewal by a little wedlock and adversity. We began to think, after a few sentences—it was so perfectly like a scene in a real life—that Sir William was disgusted with his thin audience, and was simply repeating the part, in his own character, for form's sake. Meantime, we

had taken a look at the man. Sir William—(as little as possible like the “used-up” Sir Charles of the play)—was an unusually tall specimen of health and adolescence, with that unexplainable certainty of a clean shirt, and every pore open which distinguishes those Englishmen to whom economy in washing has never been suggested. A clear eye; a remarkably thin and translucent nostril; a skin beneath whose fresh surface his wine, if he had ever drunk any, had played the “Arethusa, coming never to the light;” singularly beautiful teeth, and a smile as new and easy as a girl’s of sixteen; a long-leggedness that would have been awkward with anything but the unconsciousness of good blood; hands (the rarest accomplishment in the world) with every finger negligently at ease; perfect self-possession, and an Englishman’s upper and lower nationalities (long straps and chin in a voluminous parenthesis of shirt collar), were some of the particulars of the Sir William we were compelled to substitute for the one we had expected to see. As we said before, Sir William seemed to have given up the idea of *acting*, and to be simply *walking through the part in his own character*. He received the gay widow who came in for charity, “proposed” to her for excitement, showed a lord-and-master’s half awareness that his pretty little dependent foster-sister was in love with him, quizzed his companions, yawned and lounged—exactly as a gentleman in real life would do every one of these very things. In France, of course, this would be the perfection of acting. On the English and American stage, where nothing “brings down the house” but exaggeration and caricature, it is voted “slow,” “tame,” and “a failure,” as we had heard it described. But we have yet to speak of the *novelty for Americans* that is to be found in the performances of this new star, viz., the tone, accentuation, and pronunciation of the English language, as spoken by gay, clever, high-born and high-bred young Englishmen. We do not believe there could possibly be a finer example of this than in Sir William Don. Simple as it seems, and unconsciously as he does it, it is an art that must have been begun by a man’s grandmother, at least, and cannot be learned in one generation. A vulgar nobleman (and there are such things) cannot do it. A man must have good taste, and conscious superiority, as well as good blood, and be conversant with the best society, to speak that quality of English. The playful but perfect justice to every consonant and vowel—an apparent carelessness governed by the classic correctness of Eton and Oxford—a clean-tongued and metallic delivery of cadences—a delicately judicious apotheosis of now and then a slang word—a piquant unexpectedness in the location of such tones as precede smiles or affectations of ignorance—a certain reluctance of the voice, as if following the thought superciliously—and, withal, a sort of absolute incapability of being disturbed or astonished into a variation of even a quarter of a tone—are among the component elements of this which we call an *art*, and which is, of all the tests of a man’s quality in England, the most relied upon and the most unmistakable.

Enough—if not more than enough—has been given to indicate to the lightest of midsummer readers—or to the laziest who waits for a *Fatout’s* verdict before he will open his book—what manner of matter to edify and to amuse is to be found in these “Hurry-graphs.”

The words “fourth edition” on the title-page of the second miscellany included in this notice are our reason at once for noting it briefly and for-noticing it here. Like the “Hurry-graphs” of Mr. Willis, “The Lorgnette” is a reproduction of periodical papers. Like them it is devoted to the discussion of

elegant manners, public amusements, and such topics as figure in “a Book of Etiquette;”—and its extensive circulation is a warrant for the avidity with which our republican kinsfolk desire to be on a par with us in all that is most sophisticated in European proceedings and tastes—with us the growth of centuries, with them a mode, gay, frivolous, unreal—and as such not to be speculated on without solicitude by the philosophical observer. This remarked, it should be added that a quiet humor and a certain elegance of tone make glimpses through “The Lorgnette” more than ordinarily acceptable to us. The writer has aspired after the simplicity and Attic finish of the old essayists, rather than after the florid polyglott style of the present day, so easy for the writer to learn, so wearying to the reader to peruse—and we think he might produce something which need not—as these volumes of necessity must—prove ephemeral.

A SCIENTIFIC ANCHORITE.

OF the great atomic chemist and philosopher, Cavendish, the rival of James Watt for the honor of priority in the discovery of the gaseous elements which constitute water, his recent biographer, Dr. George Wilson, presents the following character—which, perhaps, is an ethical impossibility. Whatever Cavendish may have finally made himself, it is very unlikely that a being of so high an intellectual capacity should have come from the hands of his Creator with only a blank in the place of moral, religious, and even sensuous susceptibilities. Such development of mind, and a congenital atrophy of soul, are scarcely compatible ideas in any scheme of providential superintendence and human responsibility. Dr. Wilson says:—

He did not love; he did not hate; he did not hope; he did not fear; he did not worship as others do. He separated himself from his fellow-men, and apparently from God. There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic, or chivalrous in his nature, and as little was there anything mean, grovelling, or ignoble. He was almost passionless.

All that needed for its apprehension more than the pure intellect, or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection, or faith, was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderfully acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skilful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials. His brain seems to have been but a calculating engine; his eyes inlets of vision, not fountains of tears; his hands instruments of manipulation, which never trembled with emotion, or were clasped together in adoration, thanksgiving, or despair; his heart only an anatomical organ, necessary for the circulation of the blood. Yet, if such a being, who reversed the maxim “*nihil humani a me alienum puto*,” cannot be loved, as little can he be abhorred or despised. He was, in spite of the atrophy or non-development of many faculties which are found in those in whom the “elements are kindly mixed,” as truly a genius as the mere poets, painters, and musicians, with small intellects and hearts, and large imaginations, to whom the world is so willing to bend the knee.

He is more to be wondered at than blamed. Cavendish did not stand aloof from other men in a proud or supercilious spirit, refusing to count them his fellows. He felt himself separated from them by a great gulf, which neither he nor they could bridge over, and across which it was vain to stretch hands to exchange greetings. A sense of isolation from his brethren made him shrink from their society and avoid their

presence, but he did so as one conscious of an infirmity, not boasting of an excellence. He was like a deaf mute sitting apart from a circle, whose looks and gestures show that they are uttering and listening to music and eloquence, in producing or welcoming which he can be no sharer.

Wisely, therefore, he dwelt apart, and, bidding the world farewell, took the self-imposed vows of a scientific anchorite, and, like the monks of old, shut himself up within his cell. It was a kingdom sufficient for him, and from its narrow window he saw as much of the universe as he cared to see. It had a throne, also, and from it he dispensed royal gifts to his brethren.

He was one of the unthanked benefactors of his race, who was patiently teaching and serving mankind, whilst they were shrinking from his coldness, or mocking his peculiarities. He could not sing for them a sweet song, or create a "thing of beauty" which should be "joy forever," or touch their hearts, or fire their spirits, or deepen their reverence or their fervor. He was not a poet, a priest, or a prophet, but only a cold, clear intelligence, raying down pure white light, which brightened everything on which it fell, but warmed nothing—a star of at least the second, if not the first, magnitude, in the intellectual firmament.

Cavendish was descended on both sides from high aristocratic families, and inherited at length prodigious wealth, which, to a being of his restricted sympathies, was only a worry, and worse than useless. The bankers where he kept his accounts, we are told, in looking over their books on one occasion, found that Cavendish had an enormous sum in their hands; some say nearly eighty thousand pounds; and one of them said that he did not think it right that it should so lay without investment. He was therefore commissioned to wait upon Mr. Cavendish, who, at that time, resided at Clapham. Upon his arrival at the house, he desired to speak to Mr. Cavendish. The servant said, "What is your business with him?" He did not choose to tell the servant. The servant then said, "You must wait till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know." In about a quarter of an hour the bell rang, and the banker had the curiosity to listen to the conversation which took place. "Sir, there is a person below who wants to speak to you."—"Who is he? Who is he? What does he want with me?"—"He says he is your banker, and must speak to you." Mr. Cavendish, in great agitation, desires he may be sent up, and, before he enters the room, cries, "What do you come here for? What do you want with me?"—"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and wish for your orders respecting it."—"If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me."—"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."—"Well! well! What do you want to do?"—"Perhaps you would like to have forty thousand pounds invested."—"Do so! Do so! and don't come here and bother me, or I will remove it."

The favorite residence of Cavendish was "a beautiful suburban villa at Clapham, which, as well as a street or row of houses in the neighborhood, now bears his name. The whole of the house at Clapham was occupied as workshops and laboratory. It was stuck about with thermometers, rain-gauges, &c. A registering thermometer, of Cavendish's own construction, served as a sort of landmark to his house. It is now in Professor Brande's possession." A small portion only of the villa was set apart for personal comfort. The upper rooms constituted an astronomical observatory. What is now the drawing-room was the laboratory. In an adjoining room a forge was placed. The lawn was invaded by a wooden stage, from which access could be had to a large tree, to the top of which

Cavendish, in the course of his astronomical, meteorological, electrical, or other researches, occasionally ascended.

The hospitalities of such a house are not likely to have been overflowing. Cavendish lived comfortably, but made no display. His few guests were treated, on all occasions, to the same fare, and it was not very sumptuous. A fellow of the Royal Society reports, "that if any one dined with Cavendish he invariably gave them a leg of mutton, and nothing else." Another fellow states that Cavendish "seldom had company at his house, but on one occasion three or four scientific men were to dine with him, and when his housekeeper came to ask what was to be got for dinner, he said 'a leg of mutton!'—'Sir, that will not be enough for five.'—'Well, then, get two,' was the reply."

Into this *sanctum* woman was never admitted. In fact, Cavendish's sentiment toward the sex was by no means a negative one, for it manifested itself as a thorough aversion. It was a man-servant who was alone permitted twice to approach—but even he only to approach, not to attend him—on the last day of his brief mortal illness. As might be expected, it was a strange end which this inscrutable being made; and Dr. Wilson adopts the following narrative respecting it: "He went home one evening, (Mr. Lawson believes from the Royal Society,) and passed silently as usual to his study. His man servant observed blood upon his linen, but *dared* not ask the cause. He remained ill two or three days, and, on the last day of his life, he rang his bell somewhat earlier than usual, and when his valet appeared, called him to the bedside, and said—

"Mind what I say—I am going to die. When I am dead, but *not* till then, go to Lord George Cavendish, and tell him of the event. Go."

"The servant obeyed.

"In about half an hour Cavendish rang his bell again, and, calling his servant to his bedside, desired him to repeat what he had been told, 'When I am dead, &c.'—'Right. Give me the lavender-water. Go.'

"The servant obeyed, and in about half an hour, having received no further summons, he went to his master's room, and found him a corpse."

KEAN AND GARRICK.—Edmund Kean was a great favorite of Mrs. Garrick, the widow of the celebrated actor. Whenever it was desirable that a new performer at Drury Lane should make a hit, the committee used to bring the venerable old lady out to her private box, to say he reminded her of David. She said so, and this went the round of the papers accordingly. In the case of Kean she spoke honestly. He did remind her of her husband, and was nearer to him by many degrees than any actor she had ever seen, although both agreed he could not play Abel Druggier. Once in conversation he complained to her that the papers made terrible mistakes as to his conceptions of character, readings, points, and other peculiarities. "These people," said he, "don't understand their business; they give me credit where I make no effort to deserve it, and they pass over the passages on which I have bestowed the utmost care and attention. They think, because my style is new and appears natural, that I don't study, and talk about the sudden impulse of genius. There is no such thing as impulsive acting; all is studied beforehand. A man may act better or worse on a particular night from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theatres, and perhaps better, before I was recognized as a great London actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound never reached as far as London."—"You should write your own criticisms," replied the old lady; "David always did so!"—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From the Times' Correspondent.

THE YACHT CLUBS—THE AMERICA, &C.

Cowes, Saturday, Aug. 16.

Most of us have seen the agitation which the appearance of a sparrowhawk in the horizon creates among a flock of woodpigeons or skylarks, when unsuspecting all danger, and engaged in airy flights or playing about over the fallows, they all at once come down to the ground and are rendered almost motionless by fear of the disagreeable visitor. Although the gentlemen whose business is on the waters of the Solent are neither woodpigeons nor skylarks, and although the America is not a sparrowhawk, the effect produced by her apparition off West Cowes among the yachtsmen seems to have been completely paralyzing.

I use the word "seems," because it cannot be imagined that some of those who took such pride in the position of England as not only being at the head of the whole race of aquatic sportsmen, but as furnishing almost the only men who sought pleasure and health upon the ocean, will allow the illustrious stranger to return with the proud boast to the New World that she had flung down the gauntlet to England, Ireland, and Scotland, and that not one had been found to take it up. If she were victorious, all that could be said was that the American builder had put together a lighter, swifter, and better made mass of wood and iron than any the English builders had matched against her. No one could affirm there was the least disgrace attached to us from the fact. But if she be permitted to sail back to New York with her challenge unaccepted, and can nail under it, as it is fastened up on one of her beams, that no one dared touch it, then there will be some question as to the pith and courage of our men, and yachting must sink immeasurably in public estimation, and must also be deprived of the credit which was wont to be attached to it, of being a nursery for bringing up our national naval spirit to a respectable and well-grown maturity. The discomfiture, I repeat, would be as nothing if we were beaten after a well-fought field, compared to the discredit of running away or evading a contest with a vaunting but certainly an honorable enemy. And what, after all, if we are afraid of a phantom? I do not mean for a moment to assert that the America is not the most formidable competitor against which any yacht could be matched; but suppose she has her weak point of sailing, what a chuckle her owners would have over us for not trying to find it out! She has defied every sort of craft, from the eccentric "fancy" of the amateur rigger, such as the Brilliant, down to the most orthodox cutter, and her challenge is a loud sounding one; but is it not just possible that though she may beat a schooner or a cutter on several points of sailing, the America may have a failing which a long match in a stiff breeze might render visible to a quick eye in a course round the Eddystone or to Ushant and back? Most undoubtedly it is. The vessel never yet was built that could sail equally well on all points and in all weathers. I trust that, whether she runs or not in the Cowes regatta, her qualities will be tested to the utmost by some of our first class yachts in a long run. It is said that Lord Cardigan has offered to lay 500*l.* against her, but I cannot say if the subscription, of which there was some talk lately, has been progressing or not. At the very worst we can but entreat of Messrs. White and

Cooper, *et hoc genus omne*, to lay aside the delusion that they are the best builders in the world, to take a hint even from an enemy, and to follow the models of the Yankees, instead of persisting in their present shape and mould of bow, beam, quarter, and run.

There is something strange about the sudden start this challenge has given the clubs. They have been reading month after month of the giant races, 3,000 miles long, over the Atlantic, between British and American steamers, without the least notion that anything afloat could touch their yachts. They heard it said that the Americans were improving vastly in ship-building. Some even told them that if they would put British-made boilers into their steamships that we should be beaten most unmistakably and hopelessly, owing to the better models of the Yankee builders. They knew that the New York pilot boats were matchless for speed and sea-going properties in their class; but they are as much petrified at beholding an American yacht anchor in Cowes, and at getting a challenge from her, as if she were a Chinese war-junk or a Malay prahu. Surely they had some indication of what was coming. For the first time appeared in *Hunt's List* this year the names of "The New York Yacht Club," Commodore, Mr. J. C. Stevens, Maria, 160 tons; and then came a return of 14 vessels, most of them of good size, and owned by men of thorough-going Saxon names. And yet when the America, which has been beaten by the aforesaid Maria, makes her number before the Royal Yacht Squadron club-house, all the members rub their eyes and polish the ends of their glasses to take a surprised look at her. The America has been already briefly described, and it is enough to add that she was built by Steers, of New York, on the model invented many years ago by one Daniels, of the same place, for the pilot boats, and that her lines differ very little from those generally adopted in such vessels.

Day after day gentlemen in most wonderful costumes, ranging in style from Direk Hatterick to Wright in an Adelphi farce, sit at the windows, or in the porch of the club-house, with telescope to eye, staring at the phenomenon, or they row around her in grotesque little punts, or go on board and have a chat with the commodore, his brother, and Col. Hamilton, three very cautious and gentlemanly persons—as downright cute and keen as the smartest in the States, but who can hardly disguise, nevertheless, their pleasure at John Bull's astonishment and evident perturbation, owning, as he does, a fleet of about 800 yachts of all sizes—from nearly 400 tons down to three tons. At the same time, to show that they are not above taking a hint, they have prepared a jib-boom and jib, and there is also talk of a gaff-topsail having been sent on board by Ratsey, of Cowes. All the week past she lay quietly at her moorings till Friday. Ryde regatta was going on, but she had withdrawn on the very weak ground that she had put forward a challenge to all the rest of the world up to the 17th of August, though it is now generally thought that withdrawal was only a piece of subtlety—in vulgar words, "a dodge"—to escape the course round the Isle of Wight, which is notoriously one of the most unfair to strangers that can be selected—and, indeed, does not appear a good race-ground to any one, inasmuch as the current and tides render local knowledge of more value than swift sailing and nautical skill.

All the people at Ryde appear to be laboring

under a perpetual delusion that "the queen is coming," and even on Friday last the mania was as rife as ever, though it was known that her majesty was engaged in giving the usual annual *fête* to the farmers, laborers and the crews of the yachts. For some reason or other, though there was a whole armada of yachts at Ryde on Friday, there was great difficulty in getting up a race. For the 50*l.* cup for square-rigged yachts of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, only two entries were made, so that the match could not come off, as the club requires three entries for each race. For the second race, prize 50*l.* cup for cutters of 75 to 105 tons of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, only the Gondola entered, an 87 ton cutter, which Mr. Woodhouse, the owner, is said to be desirous of running against the America; so there was no race.

At last three fore and aft schooners of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club—the *Fernande*, 126 tons, Major Martyn; *Anaconda*, 110 tons, Sir C. Ibbetson; *Bianca*, 31 tons, Mr. Webster, (the *Fernande*, it will be seen, is one of the competitors with the America for the Royal Yacht Society £100 cup on Friday next,) entered. The *Bianca* declined the contest before the race was half over, and the match was left between the other two, the *Anaconda* proving the better boat in such weather as there was, and finishing the course, which was twice round from the starting vessel off Ryde pier to the Brambles round the Calshot light-vessels, and then round the Nab in advance of the *Fernande*. The event of the day, however, was the appearance of the Yankee. I suppose she was tempted out by the breeze of wind, which was not, however, quite good for six knots, by the sailing of several crack schooners from Cowes, and by the desire to run past Osborne decorated for the *fête*, and with the royal yachts lying dressed in the roads, close under the house, so that the queen might see what a craft Brother Jonathan could turn out. Whatever the reason, out she came, with the wind on her quarter, (after some three or four schooners had got well ahead of her,) under mainsail, foresail, and the new jib. She went along very steadily and well up to Ryde, but did not show any great superiority till she was off the pier about 3.20, when she seemed as if she had put a screw into her stern, hoisted her fore and aft topsail, and began to "fly" through the water. She passed schooners and cutters one after the other, just as a Derby winner passes the "ruck," and as the breeze freshened slid with the speed of an arrow toward the Nab, standing upright as a ramrod under her canvass, while the schooners were staggering under every stitch they could set, and the cutters were heeling over under gaff topsails and balloon jibs. It was remarked by the crowd on the pier-head that there was scarcely any foam at her bows, nor any broken water raised in a mass before them; but that the waves appeared to fall away under her keel and sides, offering the *minimum* of resistance to her course, owing to the peculiar form of her "entry." Still, the nautical looked knowing, and said, "Oh, ay, this is all very well for a schooner on this wind—let us see how she 'll come back, when the wind will be a point or so worse for her!" The America soon gave them an opportunity of judging on this point too. She went about in splendid style, a little short of the Nab, spinning round like a top, and came bowling away towards Cowes as fast if not faster than ever. As if to let our best craft see she did not care about

them, the America went up to each in succession, ran to leeward of every one of them as close as she could, and shot before them in succession, coming to anchor off Ryde at least two miles, as it seemed to me, ahead of any of the craft she had been running against. Having landed the Messrs. Stevens for the ball at the club-house, she made sail in the evening for Cowes, and bowled away like a seagull, leaving all the boatmen and yachtmen with a deep sense that she was a "tartar," the former, in particular, being duly offended with the liberal display of stars and stripes on her ensign and bargee on such a crack craft, and irritated with the "gentlemen" for not accepting her challenge. Indeed, I hear one liberal offer was made by a boatman on behalf of his mates, to man a crack cutter if "the gentlemen" would risk their money, run the Yankee to Cape Clear and back, the worse the weather the better, and "crack on till the masts went to—." The proposition was not acceded to, greatly to the disgust of these naval Curtii.

Cowes, Saturday, Aug. 23.

The telegraphic despatch which appeared in *The Times* this morning stated the "great fact" that the America had beaten the yachts which started against her on Friday for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of 100*l.* value, in the most complete and triumphant manner; but, from the lateness of the hour at which the race concluded, it was impossible to send up to town any detailed account of her victory. It now remains to give the particulars of the event as one of no ordinary interest. A large portion of the peerage and gentry of the united kingdom left their residences and forsook the sports of the moors to witness the struggle between the yachtmen of England, hitherto unmatched and unchallenged, and the Americans who had crossed the Atlantic to meet them. All the feelings of that vast population which swarms in our southern ports and firmly believes in "Rule Britannia" as an article of national faith; all the prejudices of the wealthy aristocracy and gentry, who regarded the beautiful vessels in which they cruised about the channel and visited the shores of the Mediterranean every summer as the perfection of naval architecture, were roused to the highest degree, and even the Queen of England did not deem the occasion unworthy of her presence. Until within the last few days no Englishman ever dreamed that any nation could produce a yacht with the least pretensions to match the efforts of White, Camper, Ratsey, and other eminent builders. In the *Yacht List* for this very year there is an assertion which every man within sight of sea water from the Clyde to the Solent would swear to—that "Yacht building was an art in which England was unrivalled, and that she was distinguished preëminently and alone for the perfection of science in handling them." From the Royal Cork Club, which was founded in 1720, to the Royal London, founded in 1849, there are 17 yacht clubs in various parts of the united kingdom—ten English, four Irish, two Scotch, and one Welsh, and not one of them had ever seen a foreigner enter the lists in the annual matches. It was just known that there was an Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, maintained, it was affirmed, by the Imperial Treasury, to encourage a nautical spirit among the nobility, and that some 10 or 11 owners of yachts at Rotterdam had enrolled themselves as the "Royal Netherlands

Yacht Club;" but, till the America came over, the few who were aware of the fact that there was a flourishing club at New York did not regard it as of the slightest consequence, or as at all likely to interfere with their monopoly of the glory of the manliest and most useful of all sports. The few trial runs the America made after her arrival proved she was possessed of great speed, and that the owners were not so little justified as at first they had been thought in offering to back an untried vessel against any yacht in our waters for the large sum of 10,000*l.*, or for a cup or piece of plate. As the day of the Royal Yacht Squadron's grand match drew near the entries became numerous, and 1851 will be celebrated for the largest number of starters for the Derby and for the 100*l.* cup respectively, that were ever known, so far as I can gather. The conduct of the Americans since their arrival in the Solent had been bold, manly, and straightforward—qualities which Englishmen respect wherever they are found, and love to see even in an opponent.

In the memory of man Cowes never presented such an appearance as upon last Friday. There must have been upwards of 100 yachts lying at anchor in the roads; the beach was crowded from Egypt to the piers—the esplanade in front of the Club thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and with the people inland, who came over in shoals with wives, sons, and daughters for the day. Booths were erected all along the quay, and the roadstead was alive with boats, while from sea and shore arose an incessant buzz of voices mingled with the splashing of oars, the flapping of sails, and the hissing of steam, from the excursion vessels preparing to accompany the race. Flags floated from the beautiful villas which stud the wooded coast, and ensign and bargee, rich with the colors of the various clubs or the devices of the yachts, flickered gayly out in the soft morning air. The windows of the houses which commanded the harbor were filled from the parlor to the attic, and the old "salts" on the beach gazed moodily on the low black hull of "the Yankee," and spoke doubtfully of the chances of her competitors. Some thought "the Volante" might prove a teaser if the wind was light; others speculated on "the Alarm" doing mischief if there was wind enough to bring out the qualities of the large cutter in beating up to windward and in tacking; while more were of opinion that the America would carry off the cup, "blow high blow low." It was with the greatest difficulty the little town gave space enough to the multitudes that came from all quarters to witness an event so novel and so interesting, and the hotels were quite inadequate to meet the demands of their guests.

Among the visitors were many strangers—Frenchmen *en route* for Havre, Germans in quiet wonderment at the excitement around them, and Americans already triumphing in the anticipated success of their countrymen. The cards containing the names and colors of the yachts described the course merely as being "round the Isle of Wight;" the printed programme stated that it was to be "round the Isle of Wight, inside Noman's Buoy and Sandhead Buoy, and outside the Nab." The distinction, it will be seen, might have been productive of larger consequences than could be imagined. The following yachts were entered, the figures representing the order in which they were placed from Cowes Castle, No. 1 being the nearest.

They were moored in a double line. No time allowed for tonnage:—

	Tons.	Owners.
Beatrice, schooner . . .	161	Sir W. P. Carew.
Volante, cutter . . .	48	Mr. J. L. Cragie.
Arrow, cutter . . .	84	Mr. T. Chamberlayne.
Wyvern, schooner . . .	205	The Duke of Marlborough.
Ione, schooner . . .	75	Mr. A. Hill.
Constance, schooner . . .	218	The Marquis of Conyngham.
Titania, schooner . . .	100	Mr. R. Stephenson.
Gipsy Queen, schooner . . .	160	Sir H. B. Houghton.
Alarm, cutter . . .	193	Mr. J. Weld.
Mona, cutter . . .	82	Lord A. Paget.
America, schooner . . .	170	Mr. J. B. Stephens, &c.
Brilliant, three-mast schr. . .	392	Mr. G. H. Ackers.
Bacchante, cutter . . .	80	Mr. B. H. Jones.
Freak, cutter . . .	60	Mr. W. Curling.
Stella, cutter . . .	65	Mr. R. Frankland.
Eclipse, cutter . . .	50	Mr. H. S. Featon.
Fernande, schooner . . .	137	Major Martyn.
Aurora, cutter . . .	4	Mr. T. Le Merchant.

The mist which hung over the fields and woods from sunrise was carried off about 9 o'clock by a very gentle breeze from the westward, which veered round a little to the south soon afterwards, and the morning became intensely warm. At 9.55 the preparatory gun was fired from the clubhouse battery, and the yachts were soon sheeted from deck to top-mast with clouds of canvass, huge gaff topsails and balloon jibs being greatly in vogue, and the America evincing her disposition to take advantage of her new jib by hoisting it with all alacrity. The whole flotilla, not in the race, were already in motion, many of them stretching down towards Osborne and Ryde to get a good start of the clippers. Of the list above given the Titania and the Stella did not start, and the Fernande did not take her station, (the latter was twice winner in 1850, and once this year; the Stella won once last year.) Thus only 15 started, of which seven were schooners, including the Brilliant, (three-masted schooner,) and eight were cutters. At 10 o'clock the signal gun for sailing was fired, and before the smoke had well cleared away the whole of the beautiful fleet was under way, moving steadily to the east, with the tide and a gentle breeze. The start was effected splendidly, the yachts breaking away like a field of racehorses; the only laggard was the America, which did not move for a second or so after the others. Steamers, shore-boats, and yachts of all sizes, buzzed along on each side of the course, and spread away for miles over the rippling sea—a sight such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice; such, beaten though we are, as no other country in the world could exhibit, while it is confessed that anything like it was never seen even here in the annals of yachting. Soon after they started a steamer went off from the roads with the members of the sailing committee, Sir B. Graham, Bart., Commodore, Royal Yacht Squadron, and the following gentlemen:—Lord Exmouth, Captain Lyon, Mr. A. Fontaine, Captain Ponsonby, Captain Corry, Messrs. Harvey, Leslie, Greg, and Reynolds. The American Minister, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and his son, Colonel Lawrence, *attaché* to the American Legation, arrived too late for the sailing of the America, but were accommodated on board the steamer, and went round the island in her, and several steamers chartered by private gentlemen or for excursion trips, also accompanied the match.

The Gipsy Queen, with all her canvass set and in the strength of the tide, took the lead after starting, with the Beatrice next, and then, with little difference in order, the Volante, Constance, Arrow, and a flock of others. The America went easily

for some time under mainsail, (with a small gaff-top-sail of a triangular shape, braced up to the truck of the short and slender stick which serves as her maintopmast,) foresail, fore-staysail, and jib; while her opponents had every cloth set that the club regulations allow. She soon began to creep upon them, passing some of the cutters to windward. In a quarter of an hour she had left them all behind, except the Constance, Beatrice, and Gipsy Queen, which were well together, and went along smartly with the light breeze. Once or twice the wind freshened a little, and at once the America gathered way, and passed ahead of the Constance and Beatrice. Another puff came and she made a dart to pass the Gipsy Queen, but the wind left her sails, and the little Volante came skimming past her with a stupendous jib, swallowing up all the wind that was blowing. As the glorious pageant passed under Osborne-house the sight was surpassingly fine, the whole expanse of sea from shore to shore being filled as it were with a countless fleet, while the dark hull of the Vengeance, 84, in the distance at Spithead, towered in fine relief above the tiny little craft that danced around her; the green hills of Hampshire, the white batteries of Portsmouth, and the picturesque coast of Wight, forming a fine framework for the picture. As the Volante passed the America great was the delight of the patriotic, but the nautical *cognoscenti* shook their heads, and said the triumph would be short-lived; the breeze was freshening, and then the sprightly cutter must give way, though she was leading the whole squadron at the time. At 10.30 the Gipsy Queen caught a draught of wind and ran past the Volante, the Constance, America, Arrow, and Alarm, being nearly in a line. At 10.45 the breeze freshened again for a short time, and the America passed the Arrow, Constance, and Alarm, but could not shake off the Volante nor come up to the Gipsy Queen, and exclamations were heard of "Well, Brother Jonathan is not going to have it all his own way," &c. Passing Ryde the excitement on shore was very great, and the great ichthyosaurus-like pier was much crowded; but the America was forging ahead, and lessening the number of her rivals every moment. The Sandheads were rounded by the Volante, Gipsy Queen, and America, without any perceptible change in point of time at 11 o'clock, the last being apparently to leeward. Again, the wind freshened, and the fast yachts came rushing up before it, the run from the Sandheads being most exciting, and well contested. Here one of the West India mail steamers was observed paddling her best to come in for some of the fun, and a slight roll of the sea inwards began to impart a livelier motion to the yachts, and to render amateurs, whether male or female, ghastly-looking and uncomfortable. The yachts were timed off Norman's Land buoy, and the character of the race at this moment may be guessed from the result—

	H.	M.	S.
Volante	11	7	0
Freak	11	8	20
Aurora	11	8	30
Gipsy Queen	11	8	45
America	11	9	0
Beatrice	11	9	15
Alarm	11	9	20
Arrow	11	10	0
Bacchante	11	10	15

The other six were staggering about in the rear, and the Wyvern soon afterwards hauled her wind, and went back towards Cowes. At this point the

wind blew somewhat more steadily, and the America began to show a touch of her quality. Whenever the breeze took the line of her hull, all the sails set as flat as a drumhead, and, without any careening or staggering, she "walked along" past cutter and schooner, and, when off Brading, had left every vessel in the squadron behind her—a mere ruck—with the exception of the Volante, which she overtook at 11.30, when she very quietly hauled down her jib, as much as to say she would give her rival every odds, and laid herself out for the race round the back of the island. The weather showed symptoms of improvement, so far as yachting was concerned; a few seahorses waved their crests over the water, the high lands on shore put on their fleecy "nightcaps" of cloud, and the horizon looked delightfully threatening; and now "the Yankee" flew like the wind, leaping over, not against, the water, and increasing her distance from the Gipsy Queen, Volante, and Alarm every instant. The way her sails were set evinced superiority in the cutting which our makers would barely allow; but, certain it is, that while the jibs and mainsails of her antagonists were "bellied out," her canvass was as flat as a sheet of paper. No foam, but rather a water-jet, rose from her bows; and the greatest point of resistance—for resistance there must be somewhere—seemed about the beam, or just forward of her mainmast, for the seas flashed off from her sides at that point every time she met them. While the cutters were thrashing through the water, sending the spray over their bows, and the schooners were wet up to the foot of the foremast, the America was as dry as a bone. She had 21 persons on her deck, consisting of the owners, the crew, cook, and steward, a Cowes pilot named Underwood, and some seamen who had been lent her by the Surprise, a London-built schooner yacht, now at Cowes Roads. They nearly all sat aft, and when the vessel did not require any handling crouched down on the deck by the weather bulwarks. The Gipsy Queen, when a little past Brading, seemed to have carried away her foresail sheets, but even had it not been so, she had lost all chance of success. The America, as the wind increased, and it was now a six knot breeze, at least, hauled down her -vee gafftopsail, and went away under mainsail, foresail, and forestaysail, so that it required the utmost the steamer could do to keep alongside of her. This was her quickest bit of sailing, for on rounding the east point of the island it was necessary to beat to the westward, in order to get along the back of the Wight. At 11.37 the Arrow, Bacchante, Constance, and Gipsy Queen stood away to the north, to round the Nab, imagining, most probably, that it was requisite to do so, as the usual course certainly is to go outside the lightship, though the cards did not specify it on this occasion. The America and most of the other yachts kept their course round the Foreland and by Bembridge. She ran past the white and black buoys at a tremendous rate, and at 11.47 tacked to the west, and stood in towards the Culver cliffs, the nearest yacht being at least two miles to leeward or astern of her. She was not very quick in stays on this occasion, and it would seem she was not very regular in that manœuvre, sometimes taking a minute, sometimes 30 seconds, to perform it. At 11.58 she stood out again to the south-east, and, having taken a stretch of a mile or so, went about and ran in towards Sandown. The breeze died off at this point, and to keep the cutters and light craft off, the America hoisted her gafftopsail

and jib once more. Under Shanklin Chine the set of the tide ran heavily against her, but still there was nothing to fear, for her rivals were miles away, some almost hull down! While running under Dunnose at 12.58 her jib-boom broke short off. It may be remembered she procured the spar from Ratsey, of Cowes, but no blame attaches to him, for not only did he recommend Messrs. Stephens to take a yellow spar instead of the white one they selected, but the boom was broken by mismanagement on the part of the men when straining on it with the windlass, and did not snap from the action of the sail. This accident threw her up in the wind, and gave the advantage of about a quarter of an hour to her opponents, while she was gathering in the wreck. But it was of little use to them. Looking away to the east, they were visible at great distances, standing in shore or running in and out most helplessly astern—the Aurora, Freak, and Volante, in spite of light winds and small tonnage, being two or three miles behind. The wind fell off very much for more than an hour, and it was but weary work stretching along the coast against a baffling tide, every moment making the loss of her jib of greater consequence to the America. Soon after 3 o'clock the Arrow managed to run on the rocks to the east of Mill Bay; and the sailing committee's steamer the Queen, Her Majesty, an excursion boat, and the Alarm yacht, at once made in to her assistance. They ran down to the ledge of rocks on which she was fixed, between Ventnor and Bonchurch, and "Her Majesty," falling on her with a hawser, steamed away as hard as she could, and, after some 20 or 30 minutes, towed off the poor little Arrow, which won but the other day at the Ryde Regatta, in such a condition that "she never more was fit for sea." She put about and went off towards the Nab, with the intention of returning to Cowes; and the Alarm, which might have had a chance with Brother Jonathan in a heavy sea way, kept her company in the same direction, having generously run down to aid the Arrow. The America at this time was some miles ahead, and, as the breeze freshened from W. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., slipped along on her way, making tacks with great velocity, and stood well up to windward. Her superiority was so decided that several of the yachts wore, and went back again to Cowes in despair; and, for about another half-hour, the New York boat increased her distance every second, the Aurora, Freak, and Volante, keeping in a little squadron together—tack for tack—and running along close under the cliffs. This was rather unfortunate in one respect, for, in going about, the Freak fouled the Volante and carried away her jib-boom; and the boatmen's pet became thereby utterly disabled, and lost the small glimpse of fortune which the light winds might have given her. Meanwhile minute after minute "the Yankee" was gaining ground, and at 3.30 was flying past St. Lawrence towards Old Castle, while the Bacchante and Eclipse, which had been working along honestly and steadily, were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to leeward behind her. Further away still were visible five or six yachts, some hull down, some dipped further still, digging into the tideway as hard as they could, and lying into the wind as well as their sails might stand it. The America had by this time got the wind on her quarter, having gone round Rocken-end, and thus having a tolerably fair course from the South to N. W. up to the Needles, the wind being light and the water somewhat broken. The persons on-board the steamers were greatly astonished at see-

ing ahead of the America, after she had rounded Rocken-end, a fine cutter with a jib and foresail together—"two single gentlemen rolled into one," bowling away with all speed, as if racing away for her life, and it was some time before they could be persuaded she was not the Aurora; but she was in reality the Wildfire, 42 tons, Mr. F. Thynne, of the Royal Cork Club, which was taking a little share in the match to herself, and had passed the End at 3.40. The America, however, bore straight down for the cutter, which was thoroughly well sailed, and passed her after a stern chase of more than an hour, though the Wildfire, when first sighted, must have been $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles ahead of the schooner. At 5.40 the Aurora, the nearest yacht, was fully $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles astern, the Freak being about a mile more distant, and the rest being "nowhere." The America was at this time close to the Needles, upon which she was running with a light breeze all in her favor. Two of the excursion steamers ran into Alum Bay and anchored there to see the race round the Needles. While waiting there in intense anxiety for the first vessel that should shoot round the immense pillars of chalk and limestone which bear the name, the passengers were delighted to behold the Victoria and Albert, with the royal standard at the main, and the Lord Admiral's flag at the fore, steaming round from N. W., followed by the Fairy, and the little dockyard tender. Her Majesty, the prince, and the royal family, were visible by the aid of a glass from the deck of the steamers. The royal yacht went past the Needles, accompanied by the Fairy, at 5.35, but quickly returned, and at 5.45 lay to off Alum Bay. The Fairy was signalled to proceed round the Needles, to bring tidings of the race, and at once started, Ariel-like, on her errand. Soon after the royal yacht anchored a boat put off from her, in the stern sheets of which were Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, who wore his white sailor's dress and tarpaulin hat. They landed, attended by two gentlemen, on the beach under the cliff at Alum Bay with the aid of the boatmen, and it was some time before the saunterers from the steamboats, who were climbing up towards the heights, were aware of the presence of such distinguished visitors. They proceeded a short way up the narrow winding path which leads to the heights, but a wet drizzle drifted before the wind, and rendered the walk unpromising, and the royal party soon returned to the beach, the young prince dancing down the shelving road with boyish vivacity. After a stay of eight or ten minutes, the royal party returned to the yacht. The Fairy, which had returned to signal, again stood out past the Needles, but all doubt and speculation, if any there could have been, was soon removed by the appearance of the America hauling her wind round the cliff at 5.50. The breeze fell dead under the shore, and the America lowered out her foresail and forestaysail so as to run before it. All the steamers weighed and accompanied her, giving three cheers as she passed, a compliment which owners and crew acknowledged with uncovered heads and waving hats. At 6h. 4m. the Wildfire rounded the Needles and bore away after the schooner, which by this time had got almost in a line with the Victoria and Albert. Though it is not usual to recognize the presence of Her Majesty on such occasions as a racing match, no more, indeed, than a jockey would pull up his horse, to salute the queen when in the middle of his stride, the America instantly lowered her ensign—blue

with white stars, the commodore took off his hat, and all his crew, following his order and example, remained with uncovered heads for some minutes till they had passed the yacht—a mark of respect to the queen not the less becoming because it was bestowed by republicans. The steamers, as she passed on, renewed their cheering, and the private battery of some excellent gentlemen at the "Crow's Nest" opened fire with a royal salute as the Victoria and Albert slowly steamed alongside the America. On turning towards the Needles, at 6.30, not a sail was in sight, but the breeze was so very light that all sailing might be said to have finished; and it was evident the America had won the cup, unless some light cutter ran up with a breeze in the dusk and slipped past her. The steamers, including the Tourist, which astonished the natives by steaming through the still water at the rate of some 15 or 16 miles an hour, returned towards Cowes, and the royal yacht, having run close by the America under half-steam for a short distance, went on towards Osborne. Off Cowes were innumerable yachts, and on every side was heard the hail, "Is the America first?"—The answer, "Yes." "What 'a second?"—The reply, "Nothing." As there was no wind, the time consumed in getting up from Hurst Castle to the winning flag was very considerable, the America's arrival first not having been announced by gunfire till 8.37. The Aurora, which slipped up very rapidly after rounding the Needles, in consequence of her light tonnage and a breath of wind, was signalled at 8.45; the Bacchante at 9.30; the Eclipse at 9.45; the Brilliant at 1.20 A. M. August 23d. The rest were not timed. Thus the America made good all her professions. It is with great pleasure I have to state that a protest which had been entered against her receiving the cup, on the ground that she had not followed the course marked out, was withdrawn, and that the Messrs. Stephens were presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron with the well-won cup. On the evening after the race there was a very brilliant and effective display of fireworks by land and water along the club-house esplanade, at which 6000 or 7000 persons were present. A reunion took place at the club-house, and the occasion was taken of Mr. Abbot Lawrence's presence to compliment him on the success of his countrymen. His excellency acknowledged the kindness in suitable terms, and said that, though he could not but be proud of the triumph of his fellow-citizens, he still felt it was but the children giving a lesson to the father. If the America was purchased here, they would nevertheless try to build something better in New York, so as to beat even her.

The last remark of his excellency alluded to a rumor that an offer had been made to buy the America, but that the sum was not considered sufficient. We have thus been undeniably beaten, but we have been beaten with a good grace, and our conquerors are the first to admit it. They speak in the highest terms of the condescension and kindness of the aristocracy they had been taught to believe arrogant and unbending, and acknowledge in the warmest way the affability and courtesy of the gentry and of the various clubs.

This evening the America sailed from Cowes to Osborne, in consequence of an intimation that the queen wished to inspect her. The Victoria and Albert also dropped down to Osborne. At a quarter to 6 the queen embarked in the state barge, accompanied by his royal highness Prince Albert

and suite, and on nearing the America the national colors of that vessel were dipped, out of respect to her majesty, and raised again when her majesty had proceeded on board. Her majesty made a close inspection of the America, attended by Commodore Stephens, Colonel Hamilton, and the officers of the yacht. The queen remained on board half an hour, and expressed great admiration of the general arrangements and character of this famous schooner. On her majesty leaving, the American colors were again dipped, and her majesty proceeded in the barge to Osborne, where she arrived at half-past 6 o'clock.

From the Liverpool Journal.

When Charlemagne saw the sail of the Northmen in the Mediterranean, he covered his face with his hands and wept, in a prescience of the future. When Queen Victoria, yesterday week, witnessed the triumph of an American sail in the channel that washes her marine residence, she did what Charlemagne ought to have done—she took note of the excellence which had achieved a victory, tacitly telling her subjects to profit by rivalry, and keep their proud place in the advance of nations.

Civilization, as we have often said, has hitherto been geographical. The merchant followed trade; and where the merchant opened his counting-house, religion, and science, and morals, set up their altars. The United States of America now occupy that place on the globe which presents commercial advantages unknown to all ancient and contemporary nations. The territories of the trans-Atlantic republic expand into worlds; and she reposes between two oceans, one washing Asia, the other Europe. Her fields teem with plenty; her mines are inexhaustible; while her rivers obviate canals, and tempt trade and manufactures into activity thousands of miles from the Atlantic and Pacific. Nothing was wanted to the local enthronement of civilization but aptitude in the inhabitants; and the history of the past week gives ample testimony to its abundant existence. In practical science we admitted no rivalry for more than a century; in trade, we despised competition; and, since the haughty Hollander swept the Thames, we claimed, indisputably, the sovereignty of the seas. For some time, however, the Yankees have been quietly encroaching on our maritime privilege—not pushing us from the element whereon our pride flung out the cross of St. George, but gradually creeping into an incipient equality. They did this, not through accident or favor, but by the rigid application of the great principles of commerce and science. They have, compared with ourselves, been equally enterprising—they have been more skilful; and, while we pay willing homage to genius, in whomsoever manifested, it is a mortification that, in our own waters, an American yacht won the prize from the yachts of all nations, and that an American steamer accomplished the quickest passage ever made across the Atlantic.

The Yankees are no longer to be ridiculed, much less despised. The new world is bursting into greatness—walking past the old world, as the America did the yachts at Cowes, "hand over hand." She dipped her star-spangled banner to the royalty of Great Britain, for superiority is ever courteous; and this graceful act indicates the direction in which our inevitable competition should proceed. America, in her own phrase, is "going

a-head," and will assuredly pass us, unless we accelerate our speed.

How are we to do this? Not, certainly, by quarrelling about polemics, and "wasting our good opinion" on the absolutism of Dr. Cullen, and the fiery frenzy of the Rev. Tresham Gregg, but by keeping all our people well in hand, and developing to the utmost all our mental, moral, and national resources. If our competitors once pass us, we are lost; and pass us they will, if our statesmen persist in the madness of arraying Ireland against England, and provoking the religious prejudices of the two islands into fearful antagonism. It is not likely that a future New Zealander will ever contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's from the last standing arch of London bridge, for civilization is now permanent in its eternity; but the annexation of Ireland to the American republic may not be all an idle fable. Recent inquiry has demonstrated that the Anglo-Saxon, properly so called, is the least element in the population of the United States—which, in fact, overflows with the blood of the sister kingdom. Our impolicy and want of thought augment the flood; for, instead of directing our surplus hands to our new Europe in the Pacific, we are aiding their transmission in hundreds of thousands to the trans-Atlantic republic. To a man these may be said, on departure, to have an oath in heaven against England; and although time and admixture tend to lessen the intensity of dislike, it helps to keep alive, in that country, a very hostile feeling.

THE AMERICA AND THE ENGLISH YACHTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Your truthful description of the victory gained by the clipper yacht *America* over all competitors must have caused the interest excited by that vessel's arrival among us to extend far beyond the waters of the Solent. Whatever may be the opinions of our ship-builders on the subject, it is certain that our yachtsmen have very unreservedly and gracefully acknowledged the superiority of their foreign rival. They consider it a matter between the ship-builders and sail-makers of the two countries, whom the great Exhibition has brought into honorable competition. But, sir, the sail-makers have not had their fair share of credit awarded to them on this occasion, for the *America* is quite as much indebted for her victory to the cut and make of her sails as to the form of her hull, if not more. During the trial of the 22d I was on board a steamer on the weather bow of the *America*, in company with several of my brother officers; it then became a question among us whether that vessel had any mainsail set or not, and which I could not discover with the aid of a spy-glass. So completely was the sail covered by the mainmast that not a particle of it was visible; there was no belly, and the gaff was exactly parallel with the boom; in fact it stood like a board. I have no hesitation in saying that such a sail has never yet been made in England; at least, during a very long experience I have never seen one. Look at the sails of our yachts, particularly the mainsails of the cutters. On a wind, while the boom is carried at an angle of 10 or 12 degrees with the keel, the gaff is over to an angle of 30 or upwards. To insure the upper part of the sail standing, the boom is so much hauled over as to make the lower part a backsail, doing more harm than good. A very small proportion, therefore, of

the canvas is at the best angle with the wind for propelling the vessel to windward. Besides, our sails are often more like balloons than boards. The *America* was thus enabled to lie half a point nearer the wind than either of our yachts; and it was on this point only that she showed any superiority. In running free she gained nothing on our fastest yachts, on which point of sailing the "balloons" are rather more effective than the "boards."

As I had an opportunity of seeing a model, as well as the lines of the *America's* hull, permit me to say a word on that point. There is not quite so much originality in the form as her appearance in the water would lead one to suppose. Her midship section is not unlike those of Sir W. Symonds, and her run is very like White's; but her bow is an undoubted originality. I have never seen anything like it before. Instead of being convex, or even straight, her bow presents a concave surface to the water. I commend this to the notice of our naval architects.

A writer in your journal lately wished to make it appear that such a vessel as the *America*, a mere "racing craft," must be useless for all practical purposes; and he facetiously remarked that you might as well compare a Derby three-year-old to a comfortable hackney as the *America* to an English yacht. But, sir, we must all allow that a little "breeding" is no bad thing, either in a park hack or a weight-carrying hunter. So, also, may our clumsy hulls be modified by modern ingenuity and improvements, when our ship-owners and ship-builders may become less prone to adhere to their old forms and fashions. Free trade and the Exhibition will put all that to rights.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

H. J. MATSON, Captain, R. N.

Emsworth, Aug. 26.

From the Restoration of Monarchy in France.

MADAME DE STAEL, BY LAMARTINE.

SHE was then happy in her heart as she was glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son, who did not display the éclat of his mother, but who promised to have all the solid and modest qualities of a patriot and a good man; and also a daughter, since married to the Duke de Broglie, who resembled the purest and most beautiful thought of her mother, incarnate in an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven, and to represent holiness in beauty. While scarcely yet in the middle age of life, and blooming with that second youth which renews the imagination, that essence of love, Madame de Stael had married the dearest idol of her sensibility. She loved, and she was loved. She prepared herself to publish her "Considerations on the Revolution," which she had so closely observed, and the personal and impassioned narrative of her "Ten Years of Exile." Finally, a book on the genius of Germany (in which she had poured out, and, as it were, filtered drop by drop all the springs of her soul, of her imagination, and of her religion) appeared at the same time in France and England, and excited the attention of all Europe. Her style, especially in the work on Germany, without lacking the splendor of her youth, seemed to be imbued with lights more lofty and more eternal, in approaching the evening of life and the mysterious shrine of thought. It was no longer painting, nor merely poetry; it was perfect adoration; the incense of a soul was inhaled from its pages; it was "Corinne" become a priestess, and catching a glimpse from the verge of life of the unknown deity, in the remotest horizon of humanity. About this period she died in Paris, leaving a bright

resplendence in the heart of her age. She was the Jean-Jacques Rousseau of women, but more tender, more sensitive, and more capable of great action than he was—a genius of two sexes, one for thought, and one for love—the most impassioned of women and the most masculine of writers in the same being. Her name will live as long as the literature and history of her country.

From Chambers' Journal.

BENEDETTA MINELLI.*

I.

THE NUN.

It is near morning. Ere the next night fall
I shall be made a bride—Heaven's bride. Then
home

To my still marriage-chamber I shall come,
And spouseless, childless, watch the slow years crawl.

These lips will never meet a softer touch
Than the cold crucifix I kiss ; no child
Will clasp this neck. Oh, Virgin-Mother mild,
Thy painted bliss will mock me overmuch !

This is the last time I shall twist the hair
My mother's hand wreathed, till in dust it lay ;
The name—her name, given on my christening-day,
This is the last time I shall ever bear.

Oh, weary world—Oh, heavy life, farewell !
Like a tired child that creeps into the dark
To sob itself asleep, where none can mark,
So creep I to my silent convent-cell.

Friends, lovers whom I loved not, kindly hearts,
Who grieve that I should enter this calm door,
Grieve not ! since closing softly evermore,
Me from all sorrows, as all joys, it parts.

Love, whom alone I loved ! who stand'st far off
Lifting compassionate eyes that could not save,
Remember, this my spirit's serenest grave
Hides me from worldly pity, worldly scoff.

'T was not thy hand but Heaven's that came between,
And dashed my cup down. See, I have no tears ;
And if I think at all of vanished years,
'T is but to bless thee for what joy has been.

My soul continually does cry to thee :
—In the night-watches—ghostlike—stealing out
From its flesh-tomb and wandering thee about—
" So live, that I in heaven thy face may see ! "

Live, noble heart ; of whom this heart of mine
Was all unworthy. Build up actions great,
That I, down-looking from heaven's crystal gate,
Smile o'er my dead hopes hid in such a shrine.

Live ! keeping aye thy spirit undefiled ;
That when we stand before our Master's feet,
I with an angel's love may crown complete
The woman's faith, the worship of the child.

Then thou shalt see no sorrow in these eyes ;
And even their love, by God's great love subdued,
Shall never grieve thee with a pang too rude ;
The incense-clouds have veiled the sacrifice.

* A noble Florentine lady, whose family belonged to the political faction of the Guelphs, while her betrothed joined the opposite side of the Ghibellines. They were forced to renounce each other ; she went into the convent of San Chiara, but afterwards, during a pestilence, became a Sister of Mercy—dying very aged, and in great sanctity.

Dawn, solemn bridal morn ! Ope, bridal door !
I enter. My vowed soul may heaven now take !
My heart, its virgin-spousal for thy sake,
Oh love ! keeps sacred thus for evermore.

II.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

Is it then so ? Kind friends, who sit and sigh
While I lie smiling—is my life's sand run ?
Will my next matins, hymned beyond the sun,
Mingle with those of saints and martyrs high ?

Shall I, with these my gray hairs changed to gold,
These aged limbs enrobed in garments white,
Stand all transfigured in the angels' sight,
Hymning triumphantly that moan of old—

" *Thy will be done.* "—It was done. Oh, my God,
Thou know'st, when over grief's tempestuous sea,
My broken-winged soul fled home to thee,
I writhed, but murmured not beneath thy rod.

It fell upon me, stern at first, then soft
As parents' kisses, till the wound was healed,
And I went forth a laborer in thy field—
They best can bind who have been bruised off.

God, thou wert pitiful ! I came, heart-sore,
To drink thy cup, because earth's cup ran dry ;
Thou slew'st me not for that impiety,
But mad'st thy cup so sweet, I thirst no more.

I came for silence, dark, dull rest, or death ;
Thou gavest instead life, peace, and holy toil :
My sighing lips from sin thou didst assail,
And fill with righteous thankfulness each breath.

Therefore I praise thee, that thou shut'st thine ears
Unto my misery ; didst thy will, not mine :
That through this length of days thy hand divine
My feet from falling kept—mine eyes from tears.

Sisters, draw near ! Hear my last words serene :
When I was young I walked in mine own ways,
Worshipped—not God ; sought not alone *His*
praise ;

So He cut down my gourd while it was green.

And then He o'er me threw His holy shade,
That, though no other earthly plants might grow,
Mocking the glory which was laid so low,
I dwelt in peace, and what He willed, obeyed.

I thank Him for that joy, and for its pain ;
For healed pangs, for years of calm content ;
For blessedness of spending and being spent
In His high service where all loss is gain.

I thank Him for my life and for my death ;
But most, that in my death my life is crowned,
Since I see there, with angels gathering round,
My Angel !—Ay, love, thou hast kept thy faith—

I mine. The golden portals will not close
Like those of earth, between us. Reach thy hand !
—No " *Miserere*," sisters ! Chant out grand
" *Te Deum laudamus* ! "—Now—'t is all repose !

ECONOMY IN CANDLES.—If you are without a rush-light, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly-burnt candle, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed-chamber ; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt, and consumed in the wick.—*The Economist*.